THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 1, 1958 . . 25c

FALL BOOKS

Herbert Gold Mark Harris

Bernard Wolfe

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The Prevalence of Zen

Stephen Mahoney

Novelists of Two Wars

Joseph Waldmeir

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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

O'Brien and the N.R.F.

Dear Sirs: I found J. G. Weightman's review of *From the N.R.F.* (in your Oct. 4 issue) irresponsible, misleading and insincere.

The irresponsibility is focused mainly in the attack on Justin O'Brien. It is carefully screened behind a first sentence referring to Mr. O'Brien's "act of piety" in making the anthology under review, but soon the condescension and chauvinism become apparent: "Its history [that of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* literary group] is only now being written by M. Anglès, a professor at the French Institute in London. . . ." "Except for Gide and the *N.R.F.*, many writers totally unlike Gide and not particularly sympathetic to the *N.R.F.* (Claudel, for instance), could not have developed as they did. Professor O'Brien does not say this, but. . . ." If Mr. O'Brien doesn't say this, he says nothing. However, he chooses to say it with translated documents: essays by the editors of and contributors to the *N.R.F.*

Mr. Weightman next attacks the translating job done by Mr. O'Brien and various doctors of Columbia. (Mr. Weightman points out that *he* is a doctor of London University.) He quotes two examples of what he calls, not very originally, "pidgin English, translatorese." In neither case does he quote the original French. Nor does he suggest a way of improving the translation. Nor, finally, does he state that the first quotation is from a *letter* of Gide to Mauriac, and the second a perfectly intelligible closing paragraph (in the context of what precedes it) of an essay by Du Bos on Proust, which is translated by Angelo P. Bertocci and not by Justin O'Brien, similar as the names may appear. . . .

The review is misleading because it criticizes a book which Mr. O'Brien didn't edit, the one which perhaps Mr. Weightman would someday like to do—namely, an easier anthology of the greatest writings to appear in *N.R.F.* But Mr. Weightman believes "that almost everything of value has appeared in book form" and that Mr. O'Brien has been "obliged, then, to glean among the unconsidered trifles." Mr. O'Brien states in his foreword that none of the essays has appeared before in English. That is his purpose as editor and translator. . . .

Mr. Weightman's basic insincerity is unmasked only toward the end of his review and then in a most cautious, hedging manner: in short, Mr. Weightman just doesn't like modern French literature. Despite all the "mights" and "may bes," he considers it "organized anarchy"; he believes that "individualism can only be perfected collectively." "The French have paid in the past for their exemplary artistic and intellectual recklessness, and they may have to pay again." If Mr. Weightman is patient, he'll be rewarded: after the revolution, there'll never be another *N.R.F.*, not even a *Nouvelle Nouvelle N.R.F.*

B. H. FRIEDMAN

New York City

Dear Sirs: In what way was I insincere? I found Professor O'Brien's book disappointing for two reasons, and I stated those reasons plainly. I would have been delighted to have a different opinion, particularly about a fellow doctor's work (here I raise my mortar-board to all doctors everywhere), but there is no point in reviewing a book if you don't say what you think. . . .

If it was not clear from my article that I am passionately fond of France and French literature and have a great admiration for the *N.R.F.*, then I failed to communicate.

But I am not sure that Mr. Friedman has understood either Mr. O'Brien's book or my article. Mr. O'Brien does *not* say what I said. I was not being chauvinistic in quoting M. Anglès, who is a Frenchman. Gide's letter is an open letter, and anyway what bearing has that on the argument? I did not say that the second quotation was unintelligible; I said it was written in bad English. Nor did I say that Mr. O'Brien was the translator. As for the question of what had, and what had not, already appeared in book form, I raised it to soften my criticism of Mr. O'Brien by showing that all the really good stuff was excluded by his terms of reference.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

London, England

Help for Clinton

Dear Sirs: On October 6 the peacefully integrated high school at Clinton, Tenn., was wrecked by dynamite. The townspeople face the pressing practical problem of where to educate the school's 880 pupils—869 white and 11 Negro. The Anderson County, Tenn., school board (according to news reports) estimates that damage to the bomb-smashed buildings amounted to more than $300,000, of which only $73,000 is covered by insurance.

Today the Bill of Rights Fund sent the school board a grant of $250 towards the construction of new school buildings. I want to urge others to make similar contributions for the same purpose. Donations should be sent to the Anderson County School Board, Clinton, Tenn.

PALMER WEBER, Treasurer
Bill of Rights Fund
450 Riverside Drive
New York 27, N.Y.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

301 ●

FALL BOOKS

304 ● Novelists of Two Wars
by JOSEPH WALDMEIR

305 ● Conversation in Black and White (poem)
by MAY SARTON

307 ● Fiction's Unfamiliar Face
by DAVID L. STEVENSON

308 ● In the Fall (poem)
by HUGH MacDIARMID

309 ● The Sexual Stalemate
by HERBERT GOLD

310 ● Poem
by
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

311 ● The Prevalence of Zen
by STEPHEN MAHONEY

312 ● The Trap (poem)
by DAVID GALLER

315 ● A Soldier Rejects His Time Addressing His Contemporaries (poem)
by RICHARD EBERHART

316 ● Angry at What?
by BERNARD WOLFE

322 ● Home Is Where We Backed Into
by MARK HARRIS

324 ● In Exquisite Chaos
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

325 ● The Sage (poem)
by DENISE LEVERTOV

326 ● Light (poem)
by PAUL BLACKBURN

Crosword Puzzle (opp. 328)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Perils of Brinkmanship

Everyone must be tired of the term which was coined to designate Mr. Dulles' type of diplomacy, but unfortunately "brinkmanship" continues to be a useful word. The Secretary's latest adventures in the Formosa area throw further light on the difficulties of the technique he invented and so proudly practices. Brinkmanship requires (1) extremely precise timing and (2) control of military activities associated with the diplomatic maneuvers of the moment. With the second, at least, Mr. Dulles appears to be having his troubles.

When the Chinese Communists resumed shelling Quemoy, Harry Truman, always quick on the verbal trigger, had a ready explanation. "What did I tell you?" Mr. Truman said to an inquiring reporter. "Did you ever see a Communist you could trust?" But shortly it developed that matters were not that simple. The Communists no doubt had ulterior motives for the resumption of the shelling, but the reason they gave — the resumption of American convoying of Chiang's supply vessels — was "flatly denied" by Washington. Following the denial, the Communist assertion was equally flatly borne out by the findings of American reporters on the scene. A U.S. Navy LSD (Landing Ship, Dock) had approached Quemoy carrying three small Nationalist-manned landing craft in her hold. Later, in Taipei, when reporters asked Mr. Dulles' briefing officer whether the Secretary was aware that a United States ship with sixteen guns had been part of a convoy on the night of October 20 near Quemoy, the briefing officer replied, "I suppose so." It would seem that Mr. Dulles could perform his *danse macabre* to better effect if some communication were established between the State Department and the Navy Department.

Buskin and Mask

The best pilots, according to the Dutch, stay on the shore, and it may be that in America the best actors are not on the stage. Politics in the United States has increasingly become a branch of show business. Richard Nixon's marvelous performance in the leading role of the great television exculpation of 1952 will not be soon forgotten, nor the supporting performances of Mrs. Nixon and their adopted dog, Checkers. It now seems, however, that Dwight D. Eisenhower combines phenomenal talent as an actor with his long-acknowledged abilities as golfer, soldier and statesman. General Eisenhower's public image has always been that of the moderate, fair-minded man who shuns polemical extremes as the devil shuns holy water. If there was any roughing-up to be done, Dick was the boy to do it. At least that was the impression until the President's speech at Los Angeles last week, followed by another ripsnorter at San Francisco. A "great speech," David Lawrence called the former, and well he might, for no one has ever laid it on "Democratic radicals," labor bosses, left-wingers and other malefactors with more vigor than this former foe of political excess. The only question which may disturb some of the voters is: was he acting then, or is he acting now?

Bad Luck Dogs the GOP

Arthur Schopenhauer observed that we always bear a measure of responsibility for our misfortunes. The Republican Party is certainly no exception; yet, if it is the victim of its own errors, it has also encountered a run of bad luck that is almost without precedent. Even factors such as the exodus from the cities to the suburbs, apparently unrelated to politics, have worked to the Republicans' disadvantage; too many Republicans are now concentrated in Congressional districts that were already Republican before the great migration. The economic outlook is better than it was a few months ago but, politically, a recession is not necessarily over when the financial pundits say it is. The New York *Herald Tribune*, Republican to the core, points out

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that unemployment, standing at four million, or 7 per cent of the labor force, is more likely than not to relapse to five million. Nor has the economic situation improved in states, such as West Virginia, where the Republicans are most sorely pressed. And since the unemployment rate is twice as high among Negroes as among whites, the civil-rights issue, which might otherwise work to the advantage of the Republicans, is largely neutralized. Peace? That looked like a good argument for Ikendick — John Ciardi's word — until the Chinese Reds suddenly resumed their bombardment of Quemoy. Another GOP slogan, "political morality," might have assayed better if Sherman Adams had not taken so long to step down.

Then there are the old standbys — communism, radicalism, the welfare state, and creeping socialism, all subsumed under the new tag "The Left Lane." But most voters have difficulty in tagging these "foreign" isms to such 100 per cent Americans and zero per cent Socialists as Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn, Harry S. Truman and John F. Kennedy. Moreover, a large section of the electorate is so avid for social idealism of any sort that it is looking eagerly for a lane to the Left. It is equally difficult for the GOP to cast Walter Reuther as a left-wing heavy; and, for that matter, some of the best known "labor bosses," including some high-ranking teamster officials, are dues-paying, if not card-carrying, Republicans.

Schisms and divisions there are in both parties, but surely none more glaring than that between Knowland and Knight on right-to-work. It used to be that the party carried the candidate, rather than the other way round, but numerous Republicans, like Rockefeller in New York, scarcely acknowledge their Republicanism. In Maryland, Senator J. Glenn Beall makes a point of saying that he is "more modern" than his Republican colleague, Senator John Marshall Butler, and even omits the word "Republican" from his posters and billboards. And how must staunch right-wing Republicans, the heirs of Robert A. Taft — *clarum et venerabile nomen*! —feel when the Administration is heading for a 12 billion budgetary deficit? The factor of luck is elusive, and it can change quickly, but thus far in this campaign it has been running strongly against the Republicans.

Boris Pasternak

Almost without exception, the award of the 1958 Nobel Prize in Literature to Boris Pasternak has provoked a note of surprise in news stories and editorial comment here and abroad. The surprise seems grotesquely out of place. The only aspect of the award that is at all surprising is that it was not made sooner. In point of fact *The Nation* nominated Pasternak for the award last spring (in an editorial which accompanied Dr. Ernest J. Simmons' article, "The Independence of Pasternak," issue of March 15, 1958, p. 219) with every confidence that it would be made. But obvious as the choice was, ours was the first editorial in an American publication to suggest it. (Incidentally, our editorial was broadcast in its entirety by the United States Information Agency and elicited world-wide comment.) Pasternak, we said then, is, almost without question, "the greatest poet living today" who, as of that date, had not received the Nobel Prize.

So, quite apart from *Dr. Zhivago*, great novel that it is, Pasternak was this year's inevitable choice. American editorial writers exhibit a strange sense of literary values when — as almost all do — they hail the award for its "political implications" and seek to use it to bedevil the Soviet authorities. As we see it, the chief "political implication" of such comment is that those who indulge in it are obviously more interested in politics than in literature and, to this degree, exhibit a striking affinity with the Soviet authorities who have refused thus far to permit Pasternak's novel to be published in Russia. Indeed, the main interest of the award here seems to center in the question of whether the Russians will permit Pasternak to accept it. Not having a pipeline to the Kremlin, *The Nation* hesitates to predict the reaction of the Soviet authorities, but if they do indeed refuse permission, they are probably the world's most inept propagandists.

The Not-Quite Infallible FBI

Excellent as is the record of the FBI on many phases of its investigative work, it does now and then make mistakes. Recently, for example, a jury in the United States District Court in Cleveland convicted Marie Haug and certain other defendants of conspiracy to violate the non-Communist affidavit provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. The chief witness for the prosecution, an informer, denied under cross-examination that he had ever served in the armed forces. Later, after the jury's verdict was returned, defense counsel learned from an anonymous telephone call that the witness had, in fact, served in the Army. The Department of Justice, cooperating with the defense, then turned up these facts: that the witness had served in the Army from 1922 until 1925 and, during this period, had been tried by court-martial and convicted of having been absent without leave for a period of three months; and that, during a second enlistment, he had deserted from Fort Riley; and that there was no record extant of his ever having returned to the Army. Since the testimony of this witness was vital to the prosecution's case, the defense has now filed a motion for a new trial based on the newly discovered evidence.

In this instance, one must in all fairness assume that the FBI simply failed to learn the facts about the witness, although a routine investigation could normally

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have been expected to disclose them. Alternatively, one is driven to the conclusion that the FBI knowingly permitted the witness to commit perjury, perpetrating a fraud on the court, the jury and, incidentally, the Department of Justice, which in good faith cooperated with the defense in disclosing the facts. It is the failure of the press to call attention to occasional errors of this magnitude (see Fred J. Cook's searching analysis in our issue of October 18, p. 276, where several similar cases are discussed) which continues to sustain the myth that the FBI is an infallible police agency.

Nixon, the Voter's Friend

In his October 21 speech at Baltimore, Vice President Nixon emerged as the Republican Party's chief egghead, solicitous that the voters should know all and understand all and vote with their heads as well as their hearts. In particular, the voters should be acquainted with every facet of foreign policy, in that 80 per cent of our total national budget must be attributed to the cost of past and future wars and nothing is more important than keeping the peace with honor. "Therefore," Mr. Nixon concluded, "the people are entitled to know where their respective representatives in Congress, and particularly their representatives in the Senate, stand on any parts of our foreign policy which are in controversy."

This the voters can only applaud, but it may be that some surly ones will sit on their hands. These are the voters with memories extending back a few weeks, who recollect Mr. Nixon's outraged cries — can it be the same man? — when a Senate Department public-information officer disclosed that the mail was running four to one against Administration policy in the Quemoy dispute. Mr. Nixon wanted the head of the hapless official, and Secretary Dulles, while stopping short of a public hanging, indicated his displeasure. The Vice President indicated further, at the time, that the voters were not sufficiently well-informed to meddle in such matters. *The Nation* once referred to Mr. Nixon as an opportunist who works both sides of the street. He is still doing it.

The Unimportance of Education

Ours is frequently pictured as a land in which the passion for education overweighs all else. There is a certain amount of truth in this. Parents do desire education for their children and more children are being sent to high school and college than ever before. The impelling motive is not so much love of learning as recognition of the fact that education increases earning power — although it may not be by any means the kind of education which Emerson or Thoreau or Henry Adams would have admired.

Recent events indicate that, even in this narrowly utilitarian sense, education is not flourishing as vigorously as we were led to believe. The uproar for more education, especially technical education, which followed the flight of Sputnik I still resounds in our ears, but words have not been followed by deeds. Rather the contrary. According to figures furnished to *The Nation* by the National Education Association, in the twelve-month period October, 1956, through September, 1957, $1,378.7 million of school bonds were approved by the voters. This represented 82.9 per cent of the total value of school bonds voted upon during this period, the balance of less than 20 per cent being rejected at the polls. In the twelvemonth since Sputnik I was launched (October, 1957, through September, 1958) $1,010.3 million of bonds were approved, or 73.5 per cent of the total proposed. The decline of $368.4 million represents a drop of 26.7 per cent after Sputnik I.

All things considered, our passion for education seems to be kept quite well in hand.

The Cold War and Inflation

This year's sessions of the influential Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council, meeting in "closed door" sessions at Hot Springs, Virginia, were devoted largely to inflation and defense spending. But curiously, in the discussions the two subjects were brought into relation with each other only incidentally. At the inflation sessions, Ralph Cordiner, president of General Electric, voiced the ritualistic, big-business view that inflation is primarily due to the monopoly power which "compulsory membership" confers on American labor; the economic and political power of the unions leads to annual wage increases which push up business costs. But, at the defense sessions, the only reference to inflation was Defense Comptroller Wilfred McNeil's complaint that inflation has added 3 or 5 per cent to defense costs in the last three years; for example, a 2.5 per cent price increase can mean a $1 billion rise in defense costs. No one attempted to relate defense spending to inflation, even though Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles pointed out that despite a $12 billion deficit, the Pentagon was planning to spend at least $1.2 billion more on defense in the fiscal year starting July 1, 1959.

One wonders why it did not occur to the top industrialists gathered at these sessions to locate a prime cause of the inflation they fear, not in the person of the villainous Walter Reuther, but in annual appropriations of $40 billion on a budget item — namely, defense — that in economic terms represents pure waste? It is this defense-spending-inflation spiral, even more than the wage-price spiral, that should be engaging the attention of those who, as one speaker at Hot Springs said, are victims of "the inflationary psychosis."

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FALL BOOKS

THIS YEAR, *The Nation's* fall book issue opens with a composite estimate of the novels engendered by World War II. As Joseph Waldmeir makes clear, the years between Pearl Harbor and Nagasaki were for writers the last period of direction, agreement and affirmation; it was a time, moreover, when they were at one with popular opinion in declaring where the evil lay.

The war was followed by the cold war, but the writers did not enlist. Neither did they set to work building a new livable community of their own. It is difficult to lay foundations and erect strong walls when the larger society around you is stridently proclaiming the moment of universal doom.

The results of this dissociation are variously described by David Stevenson, Stephen Mahoney and Bernard Wolfe. The new writers have no less energy, but it is not tied to belief or promise and it lashes about like an unleashed hawser. It is impossible to characterize the present scene without diagnosing the contorted and transported personalities that concern Messrs. Wolfe and Mahoney, even though one may suspect that the future holds greater opportunity for the relatively more stable voices that preoccupy Mr. Stevenson.

The creative problem of this age is to find a meaningful form of revolt in the absence of a standard to revolt against. Probably the solution lies in rediscovering a standard that was never erased but only obscured by indiscriminate protest. That, at least, is suggested by M. L. Rosenthal who, writing of the newest poets, operates in an arena where subjective effect follows with special promptness upon objective cause — and where the quantity, quality, originality and relevance of current work are persuasive evidence of a lyric renaissance about to burst from the egg.

Meanwhile, the trade and tools of writing continue to demand the diligence of craftsmen. Herbert Gold and Mark Harris, craftsmen both, discuss with the irony of personal involvement matters of the sort that concern writers in any age.

The easy cry is that our culture has fallen into a morass. Even this small collection of essays would indicate, however, that the times are less a morass than a vortex. The more ponderable and endurable fragments show signs of spinning to the surface. *R. H.*

Novelists of Two Wars

Joseph Waldmeir

JOHN DOS PASSOS' *Three Soldiers* and Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* are the two American World War I novels which have retained, and even enhanced, their stature over the years. That the novels were ideological, expressing a particular attitude toward the ideas and principles which motivated the war and the actions of individual soldiers, probably accounts in large part for their continuing critical and popular appeal. This is not to discount their considerable literary merit. Thomas Boyd's *Through the Wheat,* William March's *Company K,* Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory* and Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* are at least as eloquent ideologically; it is perhaps in the very intensity of their ideology that they fall short of Hemingway's and Dos Passos' artistic achievement. However, these novels also come more readily to mind than the fictitious diaries, the combat-adventure stories, and the sentimentally propagandistic pieces of World War I.

Primarily for these reasons the ideological novels of the Second World War merit more serious critical consideration than the non-ideological novels. A practical, secondary reason is that, over the past fifteen years, so many war novels have been published that any discussion which is not extremely selective will degenerate into a mere list of titles and authors. It should not be inferred, therefore, that the novels excluded from this discussion are necessarily inferior, as novels, to those included. Some of them are—such sentimental, pseudo-ideological potboilers as Elliot Arnold's *Tomorrow Will Sing* or Paul Gallico's *The Lonely,* for instance—but not the fine combat-adventure stories like Harry Brown's *A Walk in the Sun,* Lawrence Kahn's *Able One Four,* or Peter Bowman's *Beach Red*; nor the penetrating studies of self-consciousness and war neurosis: Prudencio de Pereda's *All the Girls We Loved,* William Hoffman's *The Trumpet Unblown,* and Vance Bourjaily's *The End of My Life.* But considerations af art aside, the seriously ideological World War II novels are the ones most likely to attain permanence.

As soon as one speaks of permanence in connection with war novels, a question is almost automatically asked: Where is the Hemingway or Dos Passos of the second war? The answer is simple, but its implications are extremely important: There aren't any; there never can be any. There is a Shaw and a Mailer and a Hayes and a Burns and a Heym and a Myrer; there is even a Wouk and a Cozzens. But there is no Hemingway or Dos Passos or Boyd or March or Cobb or Trumbo; neither is there a "Bury the Dead" Irwin Shaw nor an Alfred Hayes who was once a poet in the pacifist John Reed Club. These were two entirely different wars and they were fought, as far as the novelists are concerned, on entirely different premises.

Cynicism, pessimism, disillusion, constitute the negative ideology of the serious World War I novels. They portray war as vicious and hateful,

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stupid and cruel; a foul trick played by man upon himself. Nothing could be more preposterous than a war that was fought for no reason and which therefore neither side could win. Essential values—patriotism, democracy, tradition, sacrifice—embarrass Frederic Henry and embitter John Andrews, because they are both the cause and effect of the preposterousness. Thus, in some of the most bitter iconoclasm in literature, the values are hacked at, demeaned and destroyed. Hemingway's and Dos Passos' heroes desert the fight with few qualms; Hicks, in Boyd's *Through the Wheat,* like the heroes of March's *Company K,* gradually loses all illusions as he fights on. Cobb's five heroes are executed as cowards; and Trumbo's Johnny, a horribly pitiful basket case, with no arms, legs, stomach, face, or identity, is frustrated—in the name of patriotism and good taste—in his one faintly optimistic desire to be placed on display as a pacifist lesson.

THE World War II novelists still see war as hateful, brutal and cruel —the brave, like Noah Ackerman in Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions,* still are destroyed; so are the honest, like Lieutenant Hearn in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*; the good, like Sergeant Byng in Stefan Heym's *The Crusaders,* Danny Kantaylis in Anton Myrer's *The Big War,* and Moe in John Horne Burns's *The Gallery;* and the gifted, like Alan Newcombe in *The Big War.* They too refuse to be misled by the grand abstractions; they refuse to over-simplify motivations, and they castigate those who do.

Nevertheless, there is an essential difference between these novelists and their World War I counterparts. The World War II novels are optimistic and positive. They were written in the conviction that fighting the war—and winning it—was a worthwhile objective. Their authors fought fascism; indeed, many of them had been fighting it for a decade before the war began. None of them felt that war was good; all of them felt that this particular war was necessary. And they tried to convey this combination of ideas in their novels by using the physical struggle metaphorically, as sign and symbol of the ideological conflict.

Christian Diestl in *The Young Lions* is shot; Colonel Pettinger in *The Crusaders* is entombed alive; the petty Italian official in Alfred Hayes's *All Thy Conquests* is stoned, then drowned. These physical victories stand symbolically for victory over the brutality, amorality, stupidity, self-seeking materialism, and end-means rationalism of the Italian and German brands of fascism.

But these writers and the others considered here are not satisfied with naive poetic justice. That is the principal difference between the truly ideological novel and the sentimentally propagandistic. The serious novelists are concerned with the premises upon which their convictions rest—with the dilemmas and paradoxes which often pervert or upset the nice conclusion.

They attack anyone who fails to support the crusade against fascism honestly and unselfishly—and that is very unlike the World War I novelists who accused those who supported their war either of ignorance or war-mongering for profit. They attack fascism wherever it appears, or anything that resembles it or threatens to develop into it. Thus they are frequently as savage in their criticism of Americans as were the World War I writers. *The Gallery* contains speech after articulate speech of acid attack upon American rationalistic materialism and the American inability to feel any emotion strongly. Alan Newcombe, one of the sacrificed in *The Big War*, is estranged from his father, who sees the war in terms of personal economics. The black-marketing soldiers who stall an advance by selling General Farrish's gasoline in *The Crusaders*; the rank-happy Captain Motes in *The Gallery*; the amoral, ambitious, war correspondent, Wexel, in Ned Calmer's *The Strange Land* — all these illustrate the novelists' denunciation of a leaning by Americans toward an inimical ideology.

But brutality, end-means expedi-

Conversation in Black and White

for Saunders Redding

At first we sat imprisoned in this place
Where snow was falling, curtains fell to screen us,
And neither of us had a human face,
The falling snow lay silently between us.

We had no features; like two floating moons,
One black, one white, we had to strain and peer
Across a shifting, thick, ambiguous gloom,
Wanting to tear it open and see clear.

But who could summon a single word so warming
It might green over the snow-battened ground,
Or make clear daylight shine through all the harming —
And who would dare to touch the tribal wound?

Bring me your bitterness, and I will give
My guilt. Until these two have been exchanged,
Symbolic tokens between alien princes,
Still the snow falls, and still we are estranged.

But could we risk the heart out of the skin?
Then anything seemed possible but lies.
It was: cry out or stay locked up within
The moonlike faces without human eyes.

We had to risk more than we could afford,
More than men summon easily so soon,
As if I were your secret self, my lord,
And you my secret friend, no stranger moon.

And then our human anguish did look through,
The wounded at the wounded, open, stared:
The morning of the world was not more blue
Than the quick world-embracing look we shared.

MAY SARTON

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ency, and particularly racism, as it occurred among Americans, were given special consideration. The armed services are, almost by definition, fascistic; and the irony of defeating an enemy by using its own most deplorable methods deeply impressed the novelists. What impressed them as even more ironic was the fascism that individual servicemen brought with them into the war against fascism. The anti-Semitism of the entire Company in *The Young Lions,* of Dondolo in *The Crusaders* and of Gallagher in *The Naked and the Dead,* illustrates the novelists' shocked awareness of the bitter joke. In the sadism of Croft *(The Naked and the Dead),* and of Dondolo; and in the conscious amorality of Colonel Willoughby in *The Crusaders,* this awareness goes still deeper. Of all of the villains in these books, Willoughby is perhaps the most offensive. His crime is purposeful, intentional, rational; he protects war criminals in order to re-establish an international steel cartel.

AN equal danger lies in Farrish, the politically ambitious general whom Willoughby serves. His chauvinism, coupled with his ambition, blinds him to Willoughby's crime; his egotism, nurtured by a hero-worshiping American public, makes him potentially an easy man to control once he gains power. But the most dangerous villain of all, because he can think for himself and do his own controlling, is the openly fascistic General Cummings in *The Naked and the Dead.* His considered opinions on politics and government, liberalism and conservatism, the common man, and the use of power, might have come directly from Goebbels' notes. It is worth noting here that the ideological novelists who fought the war of the Pacific had to choose Americans as their villains. Japan was not an ideological enemy in the sense that Germany was. Thus, while Shaw had his Diestl, and Heym his Pettinger, as actual Nazis, Mailer had to make use of the American Sergeant Croft and General Cummings.

However, the ideological novelists don't stop at a simple portrayal of the irony. They search for a means to resolve the dilemma from which it stems.

Two of the most successful serious novels to come out of the war, James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor* and Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny,* resolve it in the direction of what Mailer, Heym and their fellows would term expedient fascism. The war must be won, these books seem to say, regardless of individual rights and dignities. Queeg may be a bad and ignorant man, anti-Negroism may be a deplorable tendency of Southerners, but the correction of these conditions must not obstruct the war effort. The villains are not the paranoic Captain Queeg nor the sophist Colonel Ross, but the intellectual ideologists, Lieutenant Keefer and Lieutenant Edsell.

Such a resolution is actually no resolution at all, since it depends for its effect upon an evasion of the issue. More satisfactory, though not completely so, is the consideration of the causes behind the growth of army fascism by Theodore White in his recently published *The Mountain Road.* White comes to the conclusion that Lord Acton was right—power does corrupt, especially when entrusted to inexperienced hands at moments of crisis. Queeg's are such hands, as are General Beal's; but while these men are defended by their creators, and thus remain dangerous ideologically, White places the words about power in Major Baldwin's mouth; and they are spoken, not to excuse his crime, but as a humble statement of what he has learned.

Awareness of responsibility and guilt is at the root of the novelists' most satisfactory resolution of the dilemma in which they found themselves as they sought to justify the war. Those who are guilty must have their noses rubbed in their guilt, and must be made to accept responsibility and pay the penalty. On the simplest level, this is exemplified by Colonel Pettinger and Sergeant Diestl. But on a level far more complex, largely because it constitutes constructive rather than destructive criticism, it is exemplified by Hearn, Whitacre, Yates, Newcomb—by all of the individual and collective heroes of the books discussed here.

Mailer, Shaw, Heym, Myrer send their heroes to war as anything but crusaders. They are indifferent to values. They don't go along with the pinkish socialism of the 1930s, but neither can they revert to the so-called integrity of free spirits of the 1920s. They don't want war and they can't not want war. They are individualists, but in the worst sense: they stand apart from an acceptance or even a realization of the responsibilities of individualism. At the outset, Hearn is a feather-head who, as General Cummings points out to him, can't even decide whether he is a liberal or a conservative; Yates is a mouse, uncertain of the validity of his own convictions; Whitacre and Newcombe are convinced only that convictions are nonsense.

But, through traumatic experiences with war and with fascism in enemy, comrade and ally—a memorable scene in both *The Young Lions* and *The Crusaders* is concerned with the racism of liberated concentration-camp prisoners — each man gradually comes to realize that indifference and timidity have made him guilty of and responsible for the fact of the war. Each man commits himself to the struggle; a struggle no longer simply with German or Japanese, but with a hated ideology under whatever guise.

THUS, they earn their individualism as they relinquish it. But this is only an apparent paradox. Their involvement in the war is made voluntarily, and they attack without respite all things, men and institutions which destroy individualism. It is at this point that these novels veer sharply from *The Caine Mutiny* and *Guard of Honor.* For while Wouk and Cozzens espouse enforced involvement and the postponement of individualism, Heym, Mailer, Shaw, Myrer let their heroes choose freely to relinquish their individualism, seeing clearly that only through such a choice can individualism be retained and buttressed.

In the lives of most of these heroes, human love mixes with war and fascism to accelerate the wakening responsibility and consequent loss of indifference. Most war novels contain a good deal of loving, a great

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deal of sex. It is frequently the novelist's way of portraying the chaotic letting down of bars that accompanies war; it is as frequently his way of assuring a good sale. In the serious novel it is more than either of these. To love means to accept responsibility and implies an ability to hate; loving therefore is beyond the capacity of an indifferent man. The love affairs in these novels help to convert the heroes by giving them something to feel strongly about; it is then a simple matter to transfer the strength to other feelings.

Experience with war and fascism on the one hand and with love on the other has led the ideological World War II novelist to insist that a man's loss of indifference implies his acceptance of responsibility, and results in his engagement and involvement as an individual in a world he did make and is continuously making. Much the same experiences led the World War I novelists to very different conclusions, primarily because they believed that someone else had made their world. Instead of involvement, there was retreat; instead of anguish, there was anger. Frederic Henry and John Andrews, as individuals, reject responsibility and desert. Danny Kantaylis in *The Big War* and Pete Donatti in James Garrett's *And Save Them for Pallbearers*, as individuals, accept responsibility so wholeheartedly that they voluntarily return to action and are killed.

This strong feeling of responsibility, coupled with the conviction that the war was a sort of crusade against irresponsibility, explains the novelists' continuing fervent anti-fascism so long after V.E. Day (for many of the books were written a decade after the war). The war was successful in what it set out to do, but the struggle goes on. Materialism, racism, amorality, brutality—whether they abide in the ideologies of Hitler, McCarthy, or Faubus—must be destroyed as Nazism, their epitome, was destroyed by the war.

Various Angry and Beat generations—somewhat like the World War I novelists, except for the very important difference that they are not war novelists—keep insisting that the ideals are illusory and the struggle futile. Their questions embarrass; they may be right. But their "We gotta go, man, and keep on going" answer to the problems of the world is hardly as satisfactory as the World War I novelists' slashing iconoclasm, or as the World War II novelists' insistence that "We gotta stay, and stay, and stay. And become part of what we hate in order to be free of it." The Angry and the Beat will not accept this answer, for it turns their anger in upon themselves—where some of it at least very probably belongs.

Fiction's Unfamiliar Face

David L. Stevenson

THE characteristic work of a group of the most obviously intelligent and most obviously serious young novelists of the past decade, Herbert Gold, George Elliott, Saul Bellow, William Styron, Norman Mailer (a listing meant to be suggestive, not inclusive), has a common denominator. It contains an element of unfamiliarity and strangeness which the general reader often finds irritating and comfortless, and the small but interested audience may find puzzling and hard to define. What has happened, it seems to me, is that in the work of these spokesmen for a new generation the novel has actually undergone a metamorphosis, both in structure and in moral assumptions. There has emerged in, let us say, Elliott's recent and quietly brilliant *Parktilden Village* a novel scarcely recognizable as such to a reader used to the older formulations of the prewar giants: Willa Cather, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway.

This older serious novel was composed of events, decisions and reactions, the meanings of which were exhausted by the end of the story. It was a solid structure, a tight synthesis of its materials, a completed comment on a segment of time in the lives of its characters. At its end, when Alexandra Bergson came out of her loneliness to marry Carl Linstrum in *O Pioneers!*, or when Robert Jordan gave his life to blow up a bridge in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the reader felt released, satisfied that the fiction had done its work. The package was tidily wrapped, and every event inside was neatly and carefully in place.

Marquand, O'Hara, or among the younger writers, John Brooks or Frederick Buechner, with varying degrees of seriousness, continue to produce this kind of novel that looks like a novel to the general reader. Characteristically, however, the fiction of the group of young writers to which Elliott belongs is not held to so strict and comfortably familiar a design. Structurally, their novels exist in the individual intensity of a series of moments in the lives of their characters rather than in a progression of events toward a sharply defined denouement. These writers are no less careful craftsmen, but they find that they must present an exploration of their material instead of a synthesis of it.

Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* is an obvious example of the looser net in which the materials of contemporary fiction are held. The episodes in Augie March's life follow one another in time sequence, but they move to no preordained and summarizing scene or action. The events of Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* are made to swirl out from a given, central moment in time, and then back, so that the very concept of denouement is irrelevant. The two concluding paragraphs of Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It* are, I think, deliberately enigmatic, as suggested by the final sentence of the novel: "There's a good and with it way to be not with it, too." The definitive, terminal moments of older fiction, typified in Frederic Henry's leave-taking from Catherine Barclay in *A Farewell to Arms*, have become an incongruity to these new writers.

These writers do not, I think,

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shape their novels inconclusively out of a mere desire for novelty. The form is rather a necessary complement to what must seem to the venturesome general reader an even more disturbing strangeness. These men have lost, sometimes partially, sometimes totally, an assortment of unquestioned values, personal and moral, which was built into the very fabric of the earlier novels. That work was part of a prevailing revolt against false innocence in American writing, and a reader could feel that in *My Antonia,* in *Main Street,* in *The Great Gatsby,* bedrock values were replacing foolish, sentimental ones. In Bellow's *The Victim, Augie March* and *Seize the Day,* however, or in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and *The Deer Park,* or in Elliott's *Parktilden Village,* there is little bedrock. A reader is in the presence of fiction that has broken through a barrier into a disquieting world where the nature of human value itself is at stake.

WE LIVE in a moment of time, perhaps unique in Western civilization, when a good many of the brightest minds of the new generation have, at least tentatively, parted company with value systems formerly shored up either by religious authority or by an intellectual positivism. When such young minds turn to writing novels, their books necessarily lack that comfortable "warmth and energy of life" which Santayana ascribed to men living with a "faith or high philosophy." And their fictional world, with neither an ascertainable divinity nor reason in human affairs, presented as a series of inconclusive moments in the lives of their characters, is obviously too disquieting to provoke any heady enthusiasm in the general reader.

This combination in contemporary fiction of an uneasy morality with a lack of tight structural design, has reached one dizzied, heavily publicized extreme in the three recent novels of Kerouac, and in *Howl,* the dramatic monologue by Allen Ginsberg. The only possible alternatives for the inhabitants of their gaudy existential fiction lie in experiments in violent sensation, sexual or sadistic, or in varieties of addiction to speed, dope or alcohol. But the more soberly intelligent, more restrained novelists of the group I have been describing do not fling themselves into limbo. Augie March, Peyton Loftis (*Lie Down in Darkness*), Bud and Joy (*The Man Who Was Not With It*), Jackie (*Parktilden Village*) all search for signs of coherence in their lives, test experience for possibilities of achieving, if not downright happiness, then a livable substitute.

James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed* was the most painstaking attempt of the past few years to keep the novel as written by the early giants alive in our time. It had a heavy sale, in part, I think, out of readers' nostalgia for the past, out of their memories of what a novel ought to be. But I am tempted to guess that future literary historians may go back to *The Old Man and the Sea* as their convenient marker for the end of one kind of serious fiction in American writing: the novel of formal structure, with a solidly presented central character, and with a definite conclusion; a fiction which asserted easily understood and elemental human values. In its Darwinian stoicism, *The Old Man and the Sea* is an epitome of all Hemingway's previous work. In the tight organization of its events, it is an epitome of a whole generation of novel writing. It is also the kind of novel with which the most serious young writers of today have parted company.

No one of the writers who now seem strange to the contemporary general reader can be said to have

In the Fall

I think of you, Joyce, and of Yeats and others who are dead
As I walk this Autumn and observe
The birch tremulously pendulous in jewels of cairngorm,
The suach, the osier, and the crack-willow
Of the beaten gold of Australia;
The sycamore in rich straw-gold;
The elm bowered in saffron;
The oak in flecks of salmon gold;
The beeches huge torches of living orange.

Billow upon billow of autumnal foliage
From the sheer high bank glass themselves
Upon the ebon and silver current that floods freely
Past the shingle shelves.
I linger where a crack-willow slants across the stream,
Its olive leaves slashed with fine gold.
Beyond the willow a young beech
Blazes almost blood-red,
Vying in intensity with the glowing cloud of crimson
That hangs about the purple bole of a gean
Higher up the brae face.

And yonder, the lithe green-grey bole of an ash, with its boughs
Draped in the cinnamon-brown lace of samara.
(And I remember how in April upon its bare twigs
The flowers came in ruffs like the unshorn ridges
Upon a French poodle — like a dull mulberry at first,
Before the first feathery fronds
Of the long-stalked, finely-poised, seven-fingered leaves) —
Even the robin hushes his song
In these gold pavilions.

Other masters may conceivable write
Even yet in C major
But we — we take the perhaps "primrose path"
To the dodecaphonic bonfire.

HUGH MACDIARMID

cairngorm (Scots) — smoky quartz.
gean (Scots) — wild cherry.
brae (Scots) — slope.

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created the definitive work of his decade. I should like to make a final comment on Elliott's *Parktilden Village*, however, simply because it is excellent and is the most recently published of its kind. It is concerned largely with the emotional chaos resulting from a series of sexual involvements, when a young sociologist very casually has affairs, first with an older married woman with whom he had once fallen in love as an adolescent, and then out of momentary jealousy and momentary convenience, with the woman's daughter. Alfred Kazin has usefully described *Parktilden Village* as "a tragedy of the insensitivity of young Americans who have no moral conceptions to direct them" (*The Reporter*, July 10). It is also, I think, representative of the unfamiliar face of much modern fiction. In its informal design of event, it portrays a segment of our society lucidly and painfully. After the recriminations have subsided, the anguished mother cries out "none of us did the right thing." And the reader is aware that none of the characters would ever be sure of what actions, of what decisions, the "right thing" might be composed.

In the final stanza of her poem "Autumnal," Josephine Miles asserts:

> Retire under somebody's constructed rafters
> or be grieved that a truthful brain
> Exists under a truthful sky
> With no palaver between.

It occurs to me that the young novelists of this past decade whom I have been describing have all come out from under Santayana's constructed rafters of "faith or high philosophy," and have attempted the second, grievous choice offered by "Autumnal." They have given us, in a series of carefully written, highly intelligent fictions — "with no palaver between" — a truthful image of the moral anxiety haunting members of their generation.

The Sexual Stalemate

Herbert Gold

IN A TIME of specialization, the temptation is to specialize. Yet the art of the novel seems to require an ardent general practitioner, impulsive and generous, with close family knowledge, always ready to hitch up the old wagon for a night call. Therefore the prose expert on the workings of Madison Avenue, the legal trade, or a military campaign imposes a wistful deception on the reader when he turns out to be merely a heart-pounding virgin with a furtive, craving, adolescent peeper's knowledge of *la chose*, sex. Perhaps he can detail from top to bottom the assembly of a Harley-Davidson Hillmaster Adler-Rated Motorcycle, but when he tries to inventory the two-headed monster of lust, he gives us merely an amazed inventory. He names the parts, he describes the structure, he analyzes the meshing and gnashing of gears, he invokes the acceleration and deceleration and occasional capsizing; he cries out with the rhapsodic shrillness of Consumers Union discussing the Volkswagen; he can offer a hot scholarly digression about the inside dope of the libido. But as to the novelist's real job of making us ride with his enterprise, he usually leaves us far below. Our conviction of the specialist's competence and insight has been abandoned at the bedroom door; we neither believe nor care.

Why should sex, that ubiquitous companion to life on earth, make such trouble for novelists? Why so much garrulous ignorance about the universal blessing?

Here let us allow two preliminary observations. First, sex, like breathing, is at least very difficult to write about fairly, originally and without distortion. Second, sex is written about all the time. It is easy to supply a practical explanation for the latter. Readers expect novelists to provide them with a certain amount of moral titillation. They look for characters in novels who will perform in ideal fashion, either ideally good for daydreamy aspiration or ideally bad, so that they may pity as they pity Marty. In the literature of pity, we pity not gravely, with terror, as in tragedy; the central gratification is a pity which chortles happily, "That poor poop! His luck is not for me!" Most writers, of course, do not put sex scenes in their novels merely out of commercial calculation. *Credunt*, they believe. They enjoy their fantasies. They want to jump with joy in vicarious bed-mussing. They indulge.

THEN why do they perform so poorly? It is surely not Puritan shyness; is it Puritan boldness? In fact, the quality of the prose seems to diminish in inverse ratio to the excellence of the performance described. The more perfect the postulated scene of pneumatic splendor, the cruder and more incredible becomes the talent of the describer. His powers do not spread at their ease on foam rubber or down.

I shall now propose a heresy. Perhaps the novelist is confronted by the problem of the Emperor's new clothes: *there is nothing to describe.* Great love-making involves a loss of conscious will, but great novels always deal with the progress of consciousness, of desire, of will. The novelist can tell us most excellently of what leads up to the hour of pleasure, he can march straight or advance his scheme with fatal dread; but that pleasure itself evades paragraphing. It exists outside time. It is with difficulty translated into the reasoned intensity of prose. When the earth moves, Hemingway's words stand still; worse, they do a sweaty forced march in place. In erotic culmination the body takes over from the willing, relieved mind; a breath, a catch, a sigh and the element of time is withdrawn from the "blackberries ripening in the wilderness." Perhaps the lyric genius can sometimes fix this moment. But the typical novelist, when he butts his head against the wall where those blackberries grow, is reduced to a variation of that ridiculous scene in D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* when the two milkwhite cleavers entwine posies in each other's pubic hair. We

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HERBERT GOLD's new novel, The Optimist, *will be published this spring by Little, Brown.*

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sympathize with Lawrence's frantic endeavor to *say* something. How else to dramatize objectively this event which so resists dramatic objectification?

TWO excellent recent novels use opposite strategies for getting the posies out of the poil. In George P. Elliot's discreet and rational *Parktilden Village,* desire is hinted round, hunted out, evoked airily and ironically. The cleaving is only suggested —to be continued in the dark of implication. Words withhold their radiance from this still scene; they are reserved for the realms of action. Just as landscape drawing and nudes are proper to painting, so the passage through nations and the obstacles of desire are proper to fiction. We may stop amazed before a Manet seascape, but don't we skip the descriptions of sea and sky in novels? Elliot leaves out the seascapes and sexscapes, but zeroes in on them with *what happened there* in the significant minds which concern him. He is the man who really wants his night vision — he knows enough not to stare at the approaching headlights. The one who strains to see is dazzled, terrified and finally does not see.

Vance Bourjaily's novel, *The Violated,* takes an opposite procedure. It leaves nothing out, or rather, it includes the sex *qua* sex, but tends to scant the rest. As a brilliant exception to the rule, it suggests anew the limitations of specialization—though here the specialization on sex employs enormous resources of wit and tenderness. Expert knowledge and a most sensitive feeling have been made to do very much work for the writer, perhaps more than they really want to do. A brave effort to sum up a style of life has succeeded in drawing a variety of characters, depicting them sensibly and feelingly, but always *sub species sexualis*. The meeting of skin with skin is a translation of ambition, economic stress, conflicts between youth and age, war, learning, metaphysics. Sex then stands for too much besides sex; it becomes a signal, a symbol, at the cost of its primary denotation in eros. The frequent sex scenes are not purple; they are credible and moving; they detonate, they resonate; but nevertheless to some extent they still live in isolation. In the end, however libidinous, the people seem more sapped than violated, sufferers rather than movers, pathetic rather than tragic. Bourjaily's most moving work deserves great respect. But this successful portrayal of sex once again suggests that sex only makes itself fit subject for focus in a fiction at the cost of an implied derogation — sex is wrong. When you look at it too hard, you confuse the spots on your eyes with the facts of love.

In life, sex is a culmination of the action of desire, it is not that action itself.

When we find a description of a sunrise in a novel, we skip it and go on to the business of describing human actions. The emotions of those watching the sunrise interest us, but not the sunrise as such. For sensuous interpretation of sunrises we can go to painting. Meteorological freaks may justify prolonged description; the distorted sex of neurosis is an incomplete action and may justify analysis (see the witty sado-masochistic sex scene in Thomas Mann's *The Confessions of Felix Krull).* What we are agitating here, however, are the intense justificatory images perpetrated by novelists under a sky of perfect Platonic blue. These are the moments when we take time out from the business of action in order to enjoy a fantasy of bliss. The hour of love is given the sense of the total progress, as in those sad deprived dreams where we skip straight to the point.

IN AN essay entitled "Howells' Kiss," Donald Eble recently noted wryly that each time a pre-marital kiss occurs in one of the novels of William Dean Howells, disaster ensues; love comes to naught; the fates bring down sorrow upon the guilty heads. Such exaggerated worrying of sex strikes us as fit material for farce. Nowadays the psychological noise of a mere kiss, lip to lip, even tooth to tooth, is about as loud as the purring and clicking circulation of our blood. It is so natural that any great moral fuss about it in fiction strikes us as unhealthily bug-eyed, anachronistic.

And yet, and yet. Perhaps some day our own species of concentration on sex will seem as odd as that horrific worrying of Howells fifty years ago. We pretend to greet the suck and mumble of a kiss with worldly indifference, but do we really? When it comes to the big sex scenes of contemporary novels, all the heavy artillery, camouflaged by purple, is levied up. Boom! boom! goes the rhetoric of the fictioneer, and as he fights this battle of Jericho, thesaurus in hand, a reader may well ask: So much weight for poor dank Hymen? An uneasiness comes over us. We suspend that willing suspension of disbelief which art intends to impose. Let us return to our initial fret: Has the novelist, so knowing about special trades or hipster underlife, gained these unusual competences at the cost of remaining a virgin? Is that his secret bargain with the muses? Are the great celebrants of passion vestal types? We prefer to argue aesthetic fallacies before allowing such a hypothesis.

Love used to provide a three-act drama: search, courtship, marriage in one of the basic middle-class forms. Now it tends to have four acts, including the finale, divorce. The basic act of sex remains constant, however, an expression of feeling which is highly diverting to the individuals involved but of minimal licit concern to observers. Love is a social and psychological phenomenon, requiring constant evaluation in the new perspectives of changed times and places. Sex is a private communion, and when it isn't, it is merely a symptom of illness. It is not a movement; it is a timeless convulsion. The scene of sex usually interferes with the proper development of a novel, which shows men moving in their hours, desiring, clashing, aspiring, celebrating, mourning. *De-*

Poem

The rose fades
and is renewed again
by its seed, naturally
but where

save in the poem
shall it go
to suffer no diminution
of its splendor

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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sire, of course, is the proper subject; it exists in time and changes with the events of time and society. In other words, the vitality of the novel lies in the active rather than the static mode. D. H. Lawrence's lovers entwining flowers in each other's hair stand for an attempt to dramatize the undramatic. In a still Puritan, still deprived culture, we still confuse the vicarious satisfaction with significant action.

Nevertheless, surely the great novelists will be able to give sex a proper weight. "Few people can help us, but many can hurt us." True. But probably those few are more important than that many. The lyric novelist who will some time manage to include the desire in sex will make us forget the boys smoking cornsilk, unhappily showing pictures to one another behind the barn. One of the pleasanter enthusiasms of novelists is to do what critics say cannot be done—such as writing about the act of love in a way that gives meaning to the total act of a life.

The Prevalence of Zen

Stephen Mahoney

IN THE desert flats outside Provincetown a group of people in their twenties sat weekends, this past summer, in the shelter of a sand dune. They were a couple of miles from the remains of a wharf where John Reed and other young people had sat and plotted revolution. There were a painter and his wife; there were some graduate students from Boston. The painter explained to persisting tourists the significance of what was going on. Otherwise the group ignored everybody and one another and sat blown by the wind, charred by the sun on straw mats and milk crates without talking or moving.

They were stilling the deliberative surfaces of their minds in order to become aware of their psychic reflexes, the painter explained. They intended to leap these obstacles then and embrace oneness with the natural world.

It may have been the first the tourist had heard of Zen Buddhism; it will not have been the last. The fashion magazines exclaim over it ("spiritual *dynamite*"). The quarterlies note the noisy digging of it by the Beat Generation, and one of them, the *Chicago Review*, ran in a recent issue ten Zen essays and stories, a Zen poem and Zen drawings. The news weeklies issue frequent communiqués. A couple of months back *Time* began (in its "Religion" pages) a piece on Zen and the philosopher Alan Watts, who is the brain and the Buddha of American Zen, by noting that "Zen Buddhism is growing more chic by the minute."

But the highwater mark of the tide thus far was reached this fall with the publication of two Zen books, each of which is championed by a different faction of American Zen and regarded indignantly by the other faction.* The books sell for the same price: you pays your money and you takes your choice. Beat Zen and Square Zen, the factions have been designated by Watts, whom observers take for the captive spokesman of the latter. The Beat book is the Zen novel *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac, author of *On The Road* and other Beat scriptures. (*Dharma* is truth. "The gates of Dharma are manifold," people chant at the Zen assemblies — "I take a vow to enter them all.") The Square book, *Nature, Man, and Woman*, is the prolific Watts's 1958 directory of Zen wisdom. It is a masterful, lucid popularization of Zen that does not distort its difficult subject.

STEPHEN MAHONEY is an ex-Dharma Bum. Finishing Dartmouth in 1950, he went on the road to Europe, the Caribbean, Mexico, Africa, the West. He missed the San Francisco Renaissance. Now he lives in New York, has a job.

**The Dharma Bums.* By Jack Kerouac. The Viking Press. $3.95.

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In Kerouac's book Zenoid types who are (like Watts) from around San Francisco attend "the biggest party of all time." Some of the guests are taken drunk and seen wandering naked. Watts ("sitting on a log, well dressed, necktie and suit") is present in the book under the name of Arthur Whane; so is Allen Ginsberg, author of *Howl*, in the guise of the Beat poet Alvah Goldbook, author of "Wail." Kerouac's alter ego, Ray Smith, is of course in the crowd. He is awed by the wickedness: "Madmen," he says happily, this spokesman for the spokesman of Beat Zen. Watts feels differently: in *his* book he refers, parenthetically, to a party he attended at which there were "a number of young men wandering around stark naked. . . ." "The exhibitionism of the arty libertine. . . ," he mutters darkly.

So much for the difference between Beat Zen and Square Zen.

THE Buddha preached liberation from suffering; the method was nonattachment. Crossing the Himalaya to China, the religion founded in his name struck head-on against a this-worldly civilization and splintered into sects. One of them, the *Ch'an* sect, developed a discipline that has preserved it. A form of it flourishes in Japan, where "Ch'an" is translated "Zen," and the philosopher D. T. Suzuki introduced Zen to the West from Japan in the twenties. We are an age much preoccupied with our sufferings and among us Suzuki's gospel has prospered.

The historic Zen is very difficult, and American Zenists whose enthusiasm carries them to Japan seem to find it as painful as the rack. Under it, the disciple's consciousness of separation from blind natural process is methodically crushed and ground out. Watts writes in the new book that "The sense of the vast gulf between the ego and the world disappears, and one's subjective, inner life seems no longer to be separate from everything else, from one's total experience of the stream of nature." In *The Dharma Bums* Kerouac speaks of "a kind of eternal multiswarm of electrical Power of some kind ululating in place of just pitiful images and forms of objects, which are, after all, imaginary."

The imagery of Zen is instructive. The liberated man is a cork; he sits light and free. Therefore, he easily rides the waves that otherwise would overwhelm him. He responds to change without hesitation or deliberation. The liberated man is also a mirror. "The mirror is clear," says a Japanese Zen Master of the seventeenth century — "and reflects anything which comes before it, and yet no image sticks in the mirror."

Zen is a nature religion. It is booming at a time when Western man's celebrated victory over nature is less convincing than ever — but when his alienation from nature, including his own nature, seems to be an accomplished fact. As everybody warned, the result of man's attempt to manipulate himself as though he were an object is that he damn well *becomes* an object. And the necessary result of his mistrust of his feelings is a mistrust of his mistrust — which is dismal, grinding confusion. Clearly, Zen offers a kind of hope. For people deeply split by the conflicting opposites assumed by Western culture — the self-image and the body-thing, nature and morality, reason and feeling, spirit and material — there is in Zen the promise of reintegration.

FOR people who find the hothouse atmosphere of Western culture stifling, for all the marvels and monstrous growths here, Zen is cool, clean early-morning breeze. It is this morning freshness that makes *The Dharma Bums* lively. There is a crazy, drunken joy in natural detail. Morning? "It was like the first morning in the world . . . with the sun streaming in through the dense sea of leaves, and birds and butterflies jumping around, warm, sweet, the smell of . . . heathers and flowers. . . ."

Zen may be the only religion in the civilized world that can celebrate morning; probably it is the only religion around to which morning ought not to be embarrassing. If for no other reason, no doubt it is somehow *right*. Still, there is the question whether the real thing can be successfully imported. Watts, who doubts that Zen travels well, has it, however. (He also is in the business of importing it, if reluctantly and with irony.) It must be that for *some* people Zen travels well. Kerouac has it too — sometimes. His Zen is expressed in the richness of natural detail and in the naïveté and buoyancy of his language; Kerouac's sentences have the unguarded ease, so difficult to achieve, of the cork in the classic Zen image: "'Woo!' I yelled, and the bird of perfect balance on the fir point just moved his tail; then he was gone and distance grew immensely white. Dark wild nights with hints of bears. . . . Wild cold fogs with awesome holes."

But the Beat Zen that the Dharma Bums solemnly proselytize for is something else. It is screwball Wild-

The Trap

The window kept sealed, bars with locks, the drape
Through which one can see out when the room is black,
Are all my gifts I bring the fire-escape
To bait its king, and meet him lack for lack.

Now, after many nights, the rectangle
Of my bedded thought thickens at the center:
Against the curtain's edges two arms dangle,
As though awaiting my command to enter.

I stand into the silence near my bed,
Hauling my hammer through the bloody dark,
Whereat the moon throbs patches of his head.
With blighted whirs his cutter leaves its mark.

I watch. He gropes. I think that I have been
One thought in his mind which he cannot encounter.
Pitch-black on his dark I freeze, to bait the hunter
Who, flushed by his fear, would prowl and prowl again.

DAVID GALLER

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west. The D.B.'s in the book, their life prototypes, their nouveau hipster converts in the coffee-shops — none of them makes a convincing cork. They avoid the waves that *can* overwhelm, and go bobbling along in backwater puddles.

("That's all very groovy, old Pops, what you say" — the answer goes, the stock answer — "on the delib'rative level.")

Alan Watts has written that Zen is used by the Beat Generation to justify its ways. No doubt he is right. Beat Zen is a goofball; for hung-up, inhibited people it makes kicks possible. In Kerouac's book, orgies with a willing bonbon named Princess are elaborately wrapped in a weird-o kind of Zen. "'This is what they do in the temples of Tibet,'" says Japhy Ryder, a Dharma Bum who could make you think of the real-life Beat poet, Gary Snyder. But the kicks that Beat Zen is used to make possible are mainly not those of sex, plain or fancy. ("Pretty girls make graves," Ray says superiorly.) Beat Zen is used mainly to justify a revival of the fantasy, that one had supposed long since lost, and by the wind grieved, of the joyous, drunken writer bum.

The Dharma Bum assembles his idea of himself from the contents of a grab bag. But musty, old slim-pickings it would be without Zen. "'Jack London used to walk this trail,' said Japhy." "In the way he did things, hiking," says Ray of Japhy, "he reminded me of Mike, my boyhood chum who also loved to lead the way, real grave like Buck Jones, eyes to the distant horizons like Natty Bumppo. . . ." Pretty stale. But "'Han Shan, you see, was a Chinese scholar who got sick of the big city and the world and took off to hide in the mountains.'" ("'Say, that sounds like you.'") "'And he was a man of solitude who could take off by himself and live purely and true to himself.'" Dig the Hemingway. ("'That sounds like you too.'" "'And like you too, Ray. . . .'") The Dharma Bums climb a mountain near San Francisco from which the view as far as the eye can see is of astonishingly verdant symbolism. Inspired, Ray decides he'll begin life anew: "I'll tramp with a rucksack and make it the pure way."

Clearly, Beat Zen does not score at the ol' delib'rative level. It could not care less. Combined with talent, as in Kerouac's work (and in the work of Snyder, Ginsberg, and Philip Whalen), it raises lyric bird cries of real feeling. It is often moving. But Square Zen now. It does *very* well on the deliberative level. Last April in New York Watts held a weekend-long seminar. It went over much of the ground Watts covers in *Nature, Man, and Woman.* Previously he had given Zen seminars in Illinois, where he used to be an Anglican priest and a chaplain at Northwestern University, and in California, where until recently he was Dean of the American Academy of Asian Studies, near San Francisco. Forty people were allowed to attend this one at $25 a head. There were architects, engineers, writers, housewives, professors, an Episcopalian priest, a publisher — a group of people one might come upon at a cocktail party in Westport. Nobody removed his clothes.

WATTS is crewcut, cleancut, and has a shy, boyish, scholar's grin. He is 43, looks 30; he lived in England until he was in his twenties and speaks with an accent that is U. Watts sprawled out awkwardly in an armchair, clutched at his ankle, and the words flowed in an unending, shiningly lucid stream. He never looked at a note. "In Buddhist philosophy," he said Friday night, opening the seminar, "you do not begin with a conception of mind that lies in opposition to matter. You would rather find the opposition in Buddhist philosophy of mind and *form.* . . . The world illusion by which human beings are captivated is a product of thought. . . . It is the mind that deceives us through the senses."

The seminar was in a large, high-ceilinged room above West 57th Street. There were wooden folding chairs in rows. Traffic sounds came drifting through the open windows. The yellow eye of a tape-recorder winked on, off with the rise and fall of Watts's voice. "It is projecting forth upon the world that causes us

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to divide it up into fact and event, which are supposedly separate . . . the subject and the object. . . . The whole nature of Buddhist philosophy is a correction of our perception. And it is a liberation of perception from preconception—from concepts, from ideas, from thoughts." Hours later, the seminar officially over for the night, people unwilling to go home sat and excitedly discussed Zen and its affinities with the ideas of Heidegger, Niebuhr, Dada, Montherlant, Beckett, Paul Goodman, Wilhelm Reich, Euclid, Korzybski. . . .

Saturday, Watts talked about purpose, gravely warning us against the paralyzing control of the imagined ego. "One's body," he scolded, "is like a democracy. *Foolish* to think it can be bossed from on high. . . ." We sat on the edges of our chairs and grasped at the possibility of deliverance from our demands on ourselves.

The Square Zenist does not much like the turn the world is taking, and what he intends to do about it is to kill the Faust inside — as I have heard him put it — and surrender his will. The irrationalism of Zen attracts clever, bored novelty-seekers. Its surface appearance — a religion with nothing much for the communicant to do, nothing much to have to pretend to believe in — attracts sensibly lazy, skeptical cult-shoppers. People of bith kinds often go on to practice Zen very seriously.

Somebody in the meeting is afraid of what may happen if he acts spontaneously. "I would only say, you know," Watts said, "*let* yourself be free to kill your wife. You won't." Somebody else piously mentions the value of suffering. "Yes," Watts says uninterestedly. "There is a good deal of masochism in our value system. That's true." Painstakingly he clarifies some remarks about time. "To say that each moment is self-sufficient is to say simply — to try to give some experience to the *feeling* that one is not blocking. . . . There is no sense of conflict between ego and environment."

In the homestretch Sunday night Watts supported his chin with his hands. People stirred tiredly. Commuters had got little sleep over the weekend. "The *question* always is," Watts said skeptically, sadly, "'Is the will really transformed?' *Is* it, or is all this just a new kind of hogwash? Yes, you can study Yoga or Zen or anything else. . . . And if the context in which you are doing it is still one of self-protection, security-seeking, ego-aggrandizement — all you have produced is a remarkable fake."

We squirmed uncomfortably, accusing ourselves.

Watts said later that night, in what came to a fair summary of Zen:

> The person who sees that there is nothing he can do, is discovering the whole extent of the trap which he is in. And when this closes on him completely he finds there is nobody it closes on. This supposed poor fellow who can't do anything is, you see, an imaginary existence. The universe is acting perfectly freely all the time. It is not some things pushing other things around. But if our consciousness identifies itself with a particular locus in the system of nature, it will feel that that is being pushed around. But if we see *completely* that there is nobody being pushed around, nobody who is trapped in the trap, it suddenly will

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seem not to be a trap any more. And at that moment our whole view of the world will do a flip. It is like when you have a balloon and you have it — you know, a Mickey Mouse balloon, which has two compartments in it. And you get all the air into one compartment and it suddenly goes *bloooooop* through your hands and all into the other one. So this sense of total bondage does a flip, and turns into a sense of total freedom.

On the jacket of *Nature, Man, and Woman* is a useful subtitle: *A New Approach to Sexual Experience.* Without it, the reader might never know till the last chapter that it *is* about sex. It is even a sex manual—a very good one. The trouble is that Watts, urging a natural attitude toward sex, uses euphemisms that have not appeared in print since Krafft-Ebing, excepting coupon ads in comic-books. Watts even breaks out in patches of Latin. One remembers the naturalness and directness of Kerouac's vocabulary.

But the trouble is also with the reader. Watts discusses sexual love as an expression of organic spontaneity — "as the most positive and creative occasion of being transported by something beyond conscious will." His thesis is that sex can be a way of rediscovering lastingly our original egoless unity with nature. This is not how we are accustomed to regard sex. It is impossible to recognize in the book the anxious pleasures discussed by the drugstore Van de Veldes. There is nothing to allay (and stimulate) our fears and our obsessiveness.

Predictably, the Zen fires are raging in the matted undergrowth of psychoanalytic theory. Analysts of rival schools join hands and chant sutras, watching dualistic concepts go up in smoke. Zenists lecture at the training institutes and clinics. Watts's seminar in New York was a stopover for him on the way to the Jung Institute in Zurich. Erich Fromm, who is probably the most determinedly rationalist of analysts, gave recently (with Suzuki) a seminar in Zen for analysts. Zen is big in the arts. The painter, Mark Tobey, who has been in a Zen monastery in Japan, has said that from Zen he learned about the "blending of simplicity, directness and profundity." In Western philosophy, Heidegger himself has said of Zen that it is what he has been getting at in all his writings.

All of which is another kind of thing from Dharma-bumming and cult-shopping. The gates of Dharma are manifold. . . .

No doubt in one way and another Zen will enrich our formal culture. It will polish the surface of our minds. But what are the chances of Zen changing our institutions and assumptions? Of there existing (to quote Japhy Ryder) "millions of young Americans wandering around with rucksacks"? Or (quoting Watts) can we even bring about "a world in which man belongs but which he does not dominate"? Answering such a question at the end of the seminar, Watts told the familiar story about the traveler (this time in England) quite, *quite* lost, Watts said, who finally found somebody and asked directions.

This man "pondered a bit, you know." Watts pretended to ponder. People stood in the foyer with their coats on listening. "'Well, I know where it is you want to go,' the man said, 'but if I were you — I would not start from here!'"

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Think no more of me
For I am gone
Where ages go,
No touch of snow
Nor sing-song bird sip song
Alters meadow.

You are whelmed in manyness
By days totally taken
By doing taken up
Summer and winter,
Plunger of fortune.

But I am hidden
And dropped out,
No more I count.
Flesh was fresh,
Time was evenness,
Death is stiffness.

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In man's misery.

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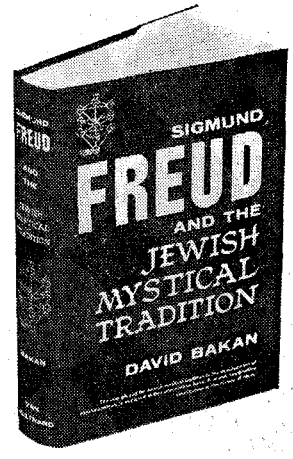

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Angry at What?

Bernard Wolfe

THE NEW literary down-and-outers on both sides of the Atlantic have in common the urge to leap—the Britishers with impeccable grammar and the Americans with the maximum of verbal gymnastics and "barbaric yawps"—away from the social dead-center of conformity and respectability. What inspires this fashionable group saltation, if its practitioners are to be believed, is in every last case—Anger.

What are our rebels so angry about? We have their bulging bills of particulars. The English fugitives, given to class terms, explain that they are turning their backs on "phony middle-class culture" (John Holloway) with "its terrifying vulgarity, its perfected lack of sensibility and its bewildering equivocation" (Philip O'Connor), the "overfed, over-privileged" smuggers who leave no room for a "burning virility of mind and spirit" (John Osborne). American nay-sayers too start with shudders at "the ruins of bourgeois civilization" (Jack Kerouac) and "the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism" (Allen Ginsberg), but, having got their steam up, they tend to go on to indict *all* restraints, *all* structures on the outside, and therefore the bad side, of the skull. If they don't like "tradition and uprightness and so-called morality" (Kerouac), neither will they countenance "all that crap . . . such as refrigerators, TV sets, cars, at least fancy new cars, certain hair oils and deodorants, etc." (Kerouac: which hair oils *will* he let pass?), "the iron regiments of fashion . . . [the] sphinx of cement and aluminum." (Ginsberg).

The essence of the complaint, London-modulated or Frisco-bopped, would seem to be that certainly today's middle-class structures, and very possibly, by implication, *all* structures of *all* periods are stifling to the god-impregnated individual. This implication (environment is bad simply because it is out there rather than in here) can get to be a hot potato: lashing out in too many directions, wholesale belligerence—would these negativists be happy anywhere at all? One minute, innocent of historicity, the protestors suggest the swinishness of *all* establishments; the next, they begin to inch back from this time-sprung social nihilism and let it be known that "the ugly problems of the twentieth century" are the despair makers—dreariness comes from "living in the American Age" (Osborne). Our malaise has a very contemporary name and that name is $e=mc^2$: "everybody's got the atomic disease, everybody's radioactive" (Kerouac); "the sirens of Los Alamos . . . Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments! . . . Go f - - - yourself with your atom bomb" (Ginsberg). So life *can* be beautiful, though not around here.

Now come many ideologues and elder statesmen of this movement of growling angels to tell us that these attacks are uniformly trenchant and on the button. O'Connor? Running from "the sham pageant of living" and "the social lie" and "the hypocrisy and complacency of the 'establishment,'" from "gentility and . . . the cliquish standards of the older universities and the literary columns," this "part angel, part demon" is busy with a "laboratory experiment in total sincerity" (Stephen Spender). Ginsberg? "Among the teeth and excrement of this life" the Beat poet celebrates, in notable howls, "the spirit of love" (William Carlos Williams). Appalled by "the ruin and disorder of the world," making "their diagnosis of an absolute corruption," the free souls, demon-angels all, "are strong disbelievers in the State, war, and the values of commercial civilization" (Kenneth Rexroth). Faced with "the horror of society," the "slow relentless inhumanity of the conservative power which controls him from without and from within," only the hipster, that "sexual outlaw" with his "morality of the bottom," is able to survive in "that contradictory and unbearable society which first created his neurosis" (Norman Mailer).

ALL THIS is astonishing—the too-loud ragings, their too-quick acceptance and relay. Because the one thing that can be demonstrated about these professionally belligerent folk, Beats and Angry (Some Not So) Youngs alike, is that society, past or present, unbearable or not, toothy and excremental though it may be, however fizzed up over fallout, is the most incidental of their targets. The more they pepper their writings with apocalyptic social pronouncements, the clearer it becomes that the broad world of social structures is not even in their field of vision. They are talking about something else entirely. At least they are in four recent and representative works: John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, Philip O'Connor's *Memoirs of A Public Baby*, J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* and Jack Kerouac's *The Subterraneans*. Osborne and O'Connor are English; Donleavy and Kerouac are Americans, though Donleavy sets his story in Ireland. *Look Back in Anger* is a play, *Memoirs of a Public Baby* is a mixture—as I believe—of autobiography and fiction; the other two books are novels.

The heroes of these narratives are Jimmy Porter, Theodore Malice, Sebastian Dangerfield and Leo Per-

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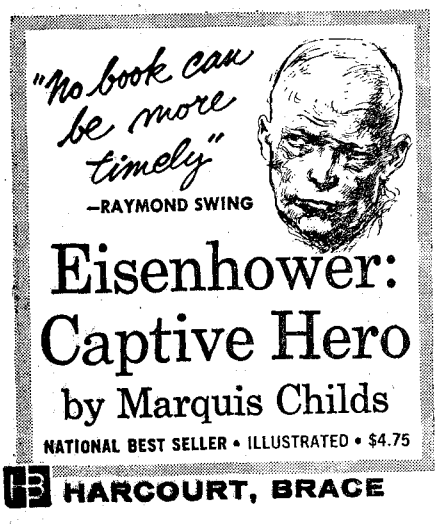
BERNARD WOLFE is the author of Limbo, The Late Risers (*one of the early attempts to describe the hipster in fiction*), In Deep *and the forthcoming* The Great Prince Died, *a novel based on the last days and assassination of Leon Trotsky.*



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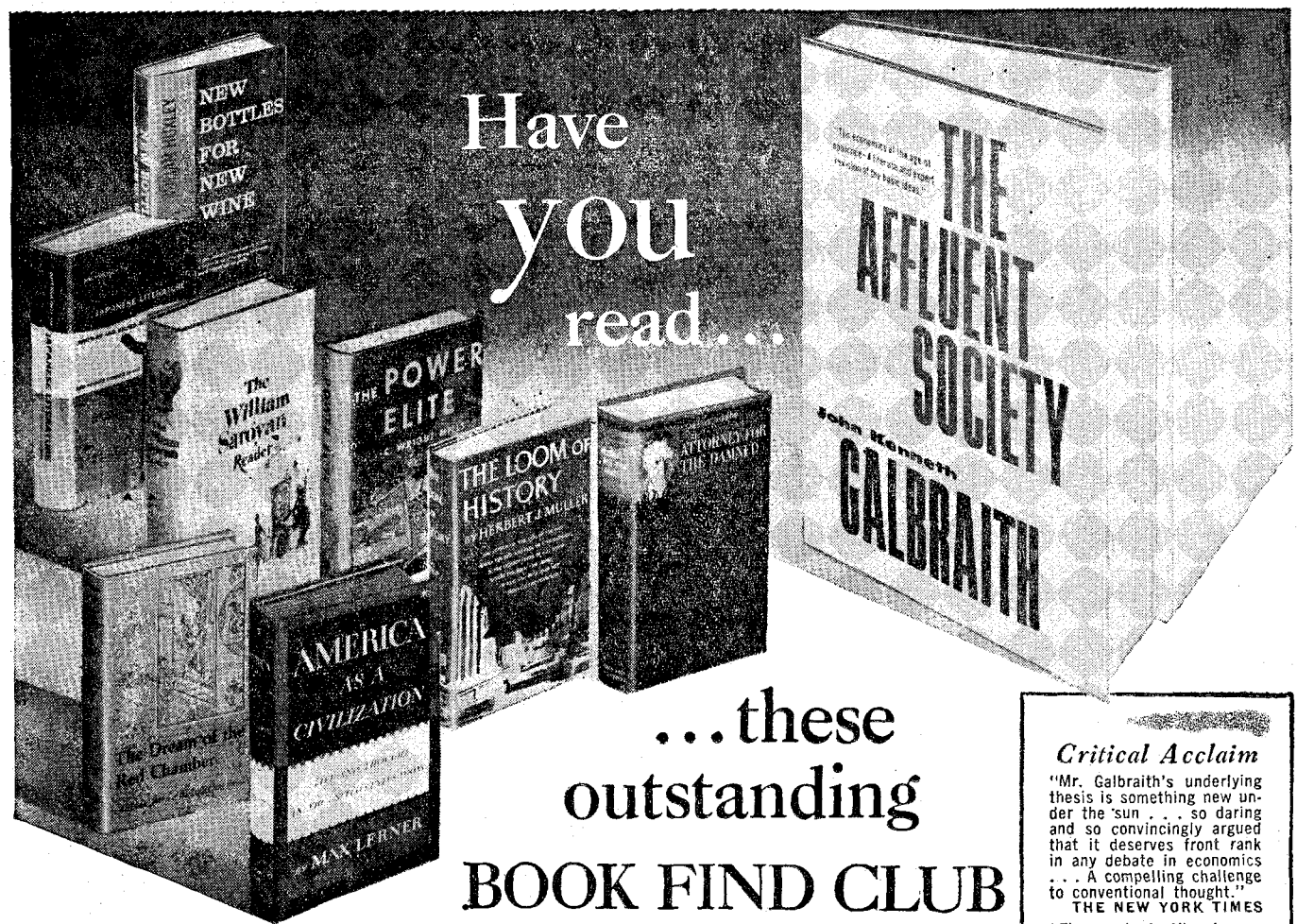

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cepied, in that order. All are ardent men, much too devoted to their appetites to be bothered with the claptrap of schools and jobs. Porter, who did get through college, runs a sweetstall: "he tried so many things—journalism, advertising, even vacuum cleaners for a few weeks.... He had his own jazz band once. I rather think he'd like to start another, and give up the stall altogether." Percepied has not even been able to hold his job as messboy on a ship: "because of trouble with the steward and my inability to be gracious and in fact human and like an ordinary guy... a thing typical of me." Malice has never worked: "I scorned employment... I felt unfit." Dangerfield is a G.I. Bill law student in Dublin who does not attend classes. But neither will he work, though money is desperately needed for his wife and baby; he prefers to hock his landlord's furniture and dream of better times: "If my father dies by autumn I'll be very rich." This record becomes impressive when you realize that the ages of these people are, in the order named above, about twenty-five, forty, twenty-eight and thirty-one.

But they are without vocation only in the Square sense. Their intense energies, dissipated not at all in the insipid rat race of the conformists, are devoted around the clock to exploring every possible dimension of relationships with the opposite sex—first and foremost, and with true trail-blazing spirit, the dimension of trouble. They all have women. They all have become professionals in the systematic abuse of women.

This work is facilitated by the circumstance that, not being middle-class conformists, they have no scruples about roughing up the weaker sex. Most of them are adepts in the fine art of heterosexual fisticuffs. Dangerfield's wife reminds him: "You slapped and punched me when I was pregnant." She accuses him (correctly) of stealing the milk money for booze: "He drove his fist into Marion's face." Porter lets loose a proto-Marxist blast at his wife's girl friend: "You Judas! You phlegm! . . . I've no public school scruples about hitting girls . . . by God, I'll lay you out!" Without bothering to detail the circumstances, Malice tells us casually about his paramour: "I was most indignant, giving her the orthodox slap in the face... and continued my sample of prostitutes." Often the violence is only verbal: when his wife is upset Dangerfield says sweetly, "Now you lie down and I'll get you a little prussic acid to soothe your nerves." Sometimes the mayhem is confined to daydreams. Dangerfield reflects about his absent wife and baby: "Marion, stay away a little longer, please. Don't want the pincers on me just yet.... Or maybe the two of you will get killed in a train wreck and your father foot the bill for burial." But homicidal wishes aren't to be fooled with. Malice's woman has a complete nervous breakdown, he escorts her to the doctor's. "When a car approached slowly I said to myself without words, 'run under it.' She did, at once, and lay bloody on the bonnet."

PERCEPIED alone, of this fierce quartet, does not boil up into outward shows of violence. This may be because his sense of himself as "crudely malely sexual" is tempered by the suspicion that he is "very Christlike": "I'm not a hoodlum but some kind of crazy saint." (Though he has lapses in which he thinks of himself as "Me, big gleeful hood.") However far the sanctification may have gone, he has his own Gandhi-like techniques for making his Negro-Indian girl Mardou writhe. The trick is simple enough: under the guise of being undilutedly, even worshipfully, fond of Negroes ("as part Negro somehow you are the first, the essential woman... Eden's in Africa"), he throws her Negroness constantly in her face. (He is so terrified of this malicious undercurrent in himself that he worries over "my fear of communicating WHITE images to her in our telepathies." The concern is in order. Strolling down the avenue with Mardou, "every time I see a Mexican girl or a Negress I say to myself, 'hustler,' they're all the same.")

Behind all this expert molestation of particular women you would expect to find some general theory

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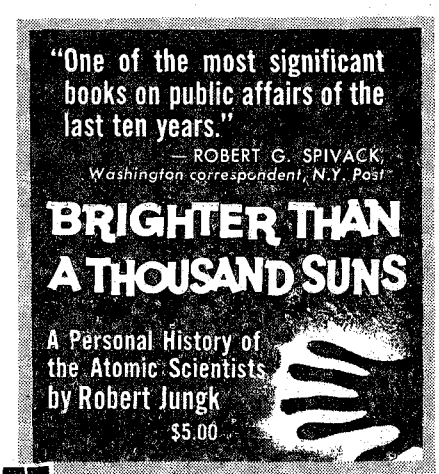
about the species. There is. Malice refers bluntly to his "misogynistic and asocial principles." He adds: "I have always loved women most when they were sad; I may say for loving purposes even have encouraged them into that state. Women seem wise when sad and silly when happy." Regarding his invariably brutal reactions to his mother's efforts to please him: "I was becoming frightened of the woman nature, with its power to dissolve sturdy 'masculine' shells, its turning of one's consciousness to something soft and foundering." Less frank but just as revealing is Jimmy Porter: "When you see a woman in front of her bedroom mirror, you realize what a refined sort of butcher she is. Did you ever see some dirty old Arab, sticking his fingers into some mess of lamb fat and gristle? . . . noisy . . . clumsy . . . the eternal flaming racket of the female." Again: "Why, why, why do we let these women bleed us to death?" Even Percepied, lamenting the loss of his one true love, recalls that in her first bed encounter with his friend Adam she crippled him with her "greatstrength of womb." (The anatomy can be as inexact as the prose.)

Certainly it is a tricky and technical matter to fix the point at which the wildly misogynistic passes over into the outright homosexual. But our fictional heroes do seem, at the very least, to reel along the borderline. Enough evidence has reached us from the clinic to suggest that the terror (however cloaked with fisted scorn) which drives homosexuals away from women is based on a mythological image of Woman as biter, chopper, render, smasher, bleeder, milker, consumer—of the male and all his parts. This is obviously the rock-bottom operative image driving the heroes we are talking about. And it is no secret that hip and angry circles are overrun with homosexuals these days. Ginsberg memorializes "the best minds of my generation," the "angelheaded hipsters" who "bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty." Malice, always the trend-spotter, theorizes about "homosexuality playing the part of a social glue between fringe-types on different classes."

TO BE SURE, the two-way hipsters claim to be equally enthusiastic about both sexes, and insist that there is an absolute distinction between bisexuality and homosexuality. "Sure we make it with men, but that doesn't mean we're like homos." The argument is based on the Bible of the male-facaded homosexual, Gide's *Corydon*, in which the thesis is that some over-endowed men turn to other men after their women are exhausted—precisely out of masculine super-virility. About Gide, whatever his accomplishments, it must be said that he was all his life an unmitigated homosexual (the avoidance of camping mannerisms, and the devotion to the "male" role in pederasty, do not change the classification so much as refine it). *Madeleine*, the hypocritical "letter" to the dead woman who had the misfortune to be his wife, is a grim corrective companion volume to *Corydon*, that manual of elegant gayety-butchery.

True, the fictional heroes here considered don't behave like homosexuals, in the sense of fleeing from women. On the contrary, they cling to them with the tenacity of leeches. But that may mean only that they are the sort of homosexuals who, afraid to retire outright to a strictly male erotic fraternity, must remain attached parasitically to women in order to batter them over and over. This is much, much more than a garden-variety misogyny. It is far too constant and compulsive, too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much a life's work. It might almost be said that these young fellows have no time for school and jobs because they are much too busy hacking away at the ladies. The belligerence is so showy and so steady that you are led to look for something else behind it—its opposite.

The giveaway is that for the most part they need women in order to shove them aside. And the shoving is, more often than not, a united-front project of the male gang. As soon as L. is safely dumped in the nerve hospital Malice returns to his former comradeship of the homosexual "psychic brothels." (About new friend Anthony: "the most delicate face I've seen in a man, rather like Gerard Philipe's when younger . . . with a little moustache that gave him only the most impertinent insignia of masculinity.") L. finally comes home from the hospital: "I refused, panic-stricken, to let her in; she slept in the air-raid shelter. I reached incredible brutality through brute fear."

Dangerfield too is constantly skipping out on his wife to carouse with male drinking companions (though he does pursue a variety of other women, double-crossing them all). Mardou's steady complaint against "crudely malely sexual" Percepied is that he is forever deserting her to live it up till dawn with his gay friends (who go to Peru to "dig Indian boys"). There comes "the night of the beautiful faun boy"—Percepied just can't let the little dear go. His friends protest, "Man, what are you, a fag? you talk just like a fag." Mardou lays down the law: "It's him or me goddamit."

Jimmy Porter and his wife have apparently lived from the first day of their marriage with one or another of his men friends. He speculates seriously that the "Michelangelo Brigade" may have all the best of it: "I've just about had enough of this 'expense of spirit' lark, as far as women are concerned. . . . Sometimes I almost envy old Gide and the Greek Chorus boys . . . at least, they do seem to have a cause."

The final test of male camaraderie, of course, is a willingness to pass the girl friend around. Friend Cliff is forever kissing and fondling Porter's wife. His explanation for hanging around: "I'm pretty certain that if I hadn't been here, everything would have been over between these two long ago. . . . Perhaps I even enjoy being in the thick of it." Porter to Cliff and Lady Pusillanimous, as he calls his wife: "Why don't you both get into bed, and have done with it?" With Porter this share-and-share-alike eroticism may be only a verbal game. With the Percepied crowd it becomes a primary institution, the communal supper. Friends keep coming up to Percepied and saying casually, "I would like to make it with your chick . . . would it be okay if I asked her?" Caught in the everything-goes code, Percepied can't "come right out and say, 'Lissen, this is my girl.'" Does it have to be argued that the gangshag, fantasied or in the flesh, accomplished in time through a passing-around technique or in space through the sexball, is a homosexual ritual performed over and through the irrelevant bodies of women?

ANGRY, YES. Raving mad: at *women*. To the point of offering them prussic acid cocktails and dumping feces on their heads (Dangerfield does that, too). Porter to his wife: "If you could have a child, and it would die. . . . I want to stand up in your tears, and splash about in them, and sing. I want to be there when you grovel. . . . I want to see your face rubbed in the mud." . . . Why such a *personalized* anger? This kind of blowtopism knows no season—where's the Suez and $e=mc^2$ here?

They have to be worked in, obviously. Got to get those mushroom clouds and concentration camps in.* Porter proceeds to locate the social wells of his fury: his father fought in Spain, "certain God-fearing gentlemen there . . . made a mess of him. . . . My mother looked after

*J. P. Donleavy is a notable exception here. To his credit be it noted that in not so much as a line does he have Sebastian Dangerfield pretend that he is conditioned by society or even interested in it. Dangerfield cares so little about what is happening *out there* that he receives with delight a letter from his old drinking pal announcing that "I'm thinking of joining the Jews to fight the Arabs or the Arabs to fight the Jews."

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him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. . . . But I was the only one who cared! . . . You see, I learnt at an early age what it was to be angry—angry and helpless. . . . I knew more about—love . . . betrayal . . . and death, when I was ten years old. . . ."

But what Porter is taking a poke at here is not Spain, but only a woman again—his mother, who obviously did all she could for the dying man. He veers off into other, quite unrelated indignities. To Cliff he explains: "I suppose people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had all that done for us, in the thirties and the forties, when we were still kids. . . . No, there's nothing left for it, me boy, but to let yourself be butchered by the women." What is so terrible in Porter's life is *not* that his father was killed by Spain, but that no Spains are left for *him* to get killed by. The possibility of living out his normal life-span seems never to occur to him. Then let the women take the place of the lamented Spains. Over and over again, he starts his political diatribes. Each time he winds up with his one subject—women as murderers:

> Do you know I have never known the great pleasure of lovemaking when I didn't desire it myself. Oh, it's not that she hasn't her own kind of passion. She has the passion of a python. She just devours me whole every time, as if I were some overlarge rabbit. That's me. That bulge around her navel. . . . Me, buried alive down there, and going mad, smothered in that peaceful looking coil. Not a sound, not a flicker from her. . . . You'd think that this indigestible mess would stir up some kind of tremor in those distended, overfed tripes—but not her! She'll go on sleeping and devouring until there's nothing left of me.

Insofar as this parade of nonsense syllables means anything, it must mean that Mr. Porter, who is so exquisitely aware of the ladies as devouring pythons, masses of tripes, would like very much indeed to be able to drop his male role with them—for them to take up, if possible. For these quirks, try though he may, he can't fix the blame on Spain or the loss of the great good causes.

In twenty years the protest novel has shifted its attention from class struggle to sexual struggle, from the relations of production to the infinitely more knotted ones of reproduction. This turn toward the human interior could open interesting doors. For too long the intimate matters which should be the first concern of the novelist were buried in an avalanche of determined public-mindedness. But the new protestors are appalled—and mystified—by the subjective cesspools they have begun to uncap. In their fright they fall back on the sociological formulas of the thirties: all this deep-down stuff is after all a class derivative. Malice, who once sold *Daily Workers* on the streets of London, is at least honest enough to confess that "It was my aim . . . to ascribe my ailments to, or explain them in terms of a social system." The trouble is that this kind of investigation, which looks for causes everywhere but in the head, is not going to tell us much about a person who, from nursery days on, "had always been frightened of [women's] shrill voices and a certain kind of misnamed 'vitality' . . . which is never content but likes to eat little boys," a man who "all his adult life felt himself to have a 'social age' of about four" and always before men "felt so ridiculously infantile as to be frightened of their guessing so" (Malice); nor about the fellow with whom "it has been a case pure and simple of a little frightened man looking out and seeing all the prowling animals" (Dangerfield); nor yet about the one who "at 18 was a nannybeater" (Percepied: "nannybeater" is his term for those who mugg homosexuals). The Beats and the Angry Youngs have applied to the intensely personal matters rising to the surface to haunt people in the fifties a bag full of sociological clichés perfected and worked to death in the thirties. They don't even have the courage of their own psychopathologies.

The mentality of face-slapping and feces-dropping and general gangshaggery flows from no head waters known to the community—it rises and falls in the solitary cra-

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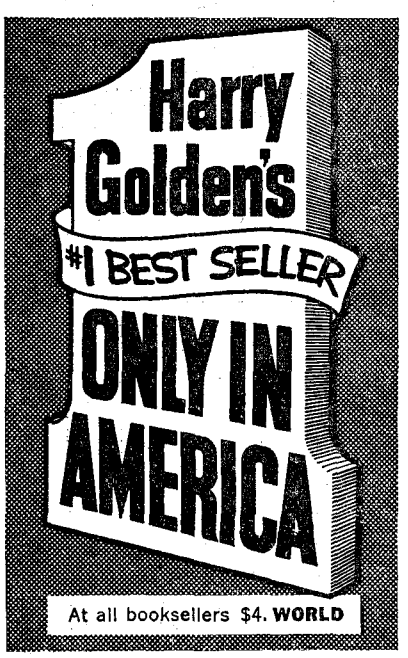

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nium. Jimmy Porter, his ladies feel, would be at home and happy "in the middle of the French Revolution." Hardly. He would not be at home in Shangri-la or the Garden of Eden: women there too. With the angel-fugitives the protest novel has arrived at the point of protesting too much. How very, very Square and middle-class.

The Dharma beckoning to these programmatic bums is said to be Law and Virtue, but it begins to sound disturbingly like *Dharna*—"a method of appealing for justice by fasting even to the point of death while seated at the door of the one considered as the offender." The offender may be dressed up to look like "this unbearable society," but under its mildewed costume, starkly clear now, are the lineaments of the mythological Ogre-Lady in all her nursery-room bulk.

Home Is Where We Backed Into

Mark Harris

IT IS just two years since I received from a book publisher's editor a letter inquiring—not quite so bluntly as this—"Confidentially, what do you think the future holds for your friend XYZ?" and I had to reply, being more a man of honor than of truth, that I thought the future held for XYZ all virtuous fame. The editor thereafter sent XYZ a generous contract for a manuscript-in-progress. But the manuscript has never been delivered, and the editor now writes me in aggrieved tones to ask how could I lie to him like that.

Well, it was easy. Moreover, I have always felt a certain obligation to my friend XYZ. In a way it was I who, back in the younger days, cheered him on. I stood with him on the steps of Old Gothic Hall on the campus at Old Gothic U., and he told me he was quitting, leaving, roaring off in search of larger adventure, and I said, "You are right, you are right," and off he went.

We were juniors, or maybe only sophomores (anyhow it was *circa* 1946-7-8-9), and my friend XYZ had been the hero of our circle: he had published a novel. It was as good a novel as a writer of twenty-five can be expected to write, full of pain and protest and symphonic purple paragraphs, just like the letters he was soon to write back to us from the midst of his adventures, and which we passed from hand to hand about our circle, feeling, as we did so, how dull we were, how safe we played. Even so, we continued in our dull safety, completed courses, acquired degrees, compiled our *vita*, applied for positions, until eventually we found ourselves dully employed upon the staff of somebody's Department of English in a building resembling Old Gothic Hall on a campus resembling Old Gothic U.

Those adventures of XYZ, now that I pause to review them, were perhaps actually safer and duller than they seemed to us at the time. Except for a return to airplanes during the Korean War (flight was his second-best love) he was principally engaged in those kinds of labor which promoted association with hard, tough people who talked hard, tough talk and drank whiskey out of a bottle. For several seasons he traveled with a carnival. Once, in the role of longshoreman, he was bitten by a tarantula arrived in a bunch of bananas. (Doctored himself with a slug of whiskey.) He was a cowboy, and between round-ups he was a sometime novelist-in-residence at MacDowell Colony, from which place he once wrote me (I took it then for whimsy) an earnest letter asserting the absolute incompatibility of art and education.

His second novel was as good as his first, and his third novel was as good as his second, and his fourth and his fifth were as good as his sec-

MARK HARRIS, an assistant professor in the Language Arts Division at San Francisco State College, is the author of six novels, of which the last three (and his favorites) are Something About a Soldier, A Ticket for a Seamstitch *and* Bang the Drum Slowly.

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ond and his third: the future was still in the future. He married a lovely girl wise enough to assure him that the hopeful young writers of his college circle have betrayed the craft, sold out, that he alone clings true to the calling, and they live together in an inaccessible and unpronounceable village in Mexico. From that outpost he contributes to decent journals articles and reviews which faithfully, steadily, evenly and honestly express the pain and the protest of the first and the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth novels of pain and protest.

He writes me that he is not rich. Indeed, he is somewhat poor. He and his wife, scorning all luxury, are not always in good health, and their debts, in spite of their purgation of desire, seem rather to increase than to abate. He yearns for the greener simplicity of MacDowell Colony, but he has not the fare to New Hampshire. He might recover his fortune with a month of work as a longshoreman, but hard, tough labor becomes harder and tougher to contemplate. Yet they are happy (he writes), and they know that the course they have chosen has been the correct and the true artistic course, and if they had it to do over again they would do it the very same way, for they are very happy, and they know that the course they have chosen has been the correct course, and if they had it to do over again they would do it the very same way. Because (he writes) it is the correct course and they are very happy.

Yet we writers who live on campuses never deprived ourselves of significant experience. We who cast our virgin vote for the Third Term or Fourth Term of F.D.R. worked at the tough, hard jobs, went to the war, came back. For most of us, apparently, after we worked at the tough, hard jobs we knew what tough, hard jobs were like, and after one war we knew what a war was like. We were ready for something new. It occurs to us now that our community of scholars and professors is by no means identical to the image we held when we were juniors, or maybe only sophomores: the passions, we discover, are more strenuous than our younger minds imagined, and the word *tenure* is no synonym for *death*.

We dreamed, in those young days, a dream of social bliss, and we wrote it out, too, and once it was written we were simply no longer so young as we had been. It was an abstract faith, and we proclaimed it, and we cannot now remain withdrawn in memory, for the faith of that decade serves neither us nor history now: almost the principal requisite for the growth of an artist is his power to reduce the abstract to the particular. And since we are citizens as well as artists we dare not exist, like XYZ, in a Mexican isolation, ruminating upon dreams from which we have awakened, else we shall become Emile Durkheim's isolated assembly-line worker, "no longer a living cell of a living organism which unceasingly vibrates with neighboring cells, which acts upon them, and to whose action it responds and with whose needs and circumstances it changes."*

IT WAS not so much that we stormed the colleges, carved ourselves our chairs, but that the colleges were there, and it was a likely place to go with a G.I. Bill. Sometimes we too stood upon the steps of Old Gothic Hall, loathing every inch of ivy, and sometimes we quit; tried other things; tried again the tough, hard jobs; tried newspapers; tried radio; tried magazines; tried television; tried advertising; tried door-to-door, Britannicas, baby photos, silverware; tried real-estate; tried used cars. But the trouble was that we hardly discovered, that way, anybody who was talking about what we wanted to talk about, and we went back to the Veterans Administration and picked up our interrupted G.I. Bills, saw it through, and jumped around to the other side of the lectern. Exactly how is this a sell-out? How does this *per se* diminish or destroy our creative impulses?

Of course, many of the writers who are living on campuses are really something less than writers. Some are only copyists imitating accepted modes, or they are theorists madly attempting to produce their own proof, or they are critics paralyzed

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In Exquisite Chaos

M. L. Rosenthal

A new world of poets and poems is issuing forth in exquisite chaos, and it is absorbing to speculate about what its major bearings are likely to be. Scribner's has now printed its fifth volume of *Poets of Today*, each containing the work of three people never before published between book covers. Meridian, to the jeers of the California Renascents and other disestablishmentarians, has given us *The New Poets of England and America*. And Ballantine Books continues to present the New Poems series, under the editorship of Rolfe Humphries. The first of these enterprises reflects the very cultivated but quite conservative taste of John Hall Wheelock. The second and third lean toward work that is interesting or polished without being very adventurous. New Poems, in addition, presents pieces by older, established poets: not a bad idea in itself—the worship of the young is as pernicious in the arts as in ordinary life—but it does becloud the question of what shape our future poetry will probably take.

The Renascents (Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and others) have struck a false note from the start of their phosphorescent little history. Theirs was a cry, not of the heart, but of the groin—a revulsion from official repression that expressed itself in belches, obscenities, incoherent manifestoes, and great shrieks of *"Libertad!"* The movement had a moment of promise, but between over-publicizing and a spate of bad poetry it lost its impetus. Yet there was, and there remains, something valid in it. It appealed to an instinct in the young everywhere to lash out with blind energy against almost

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everything, good or bad, that "authority" has constructed. Empty as much of this poetry has been, it has cleared a little place for itself that may be permanent.

But also emerging now is a little-known, ultimately more serious and mature body of non-traditional verse. It is represented by the work of Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Paul Blackburn, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley. Their poetry shows the same intensified intransigence as does that of Ginsberg and Co., the same fundamental assumption that the crack-up of values prophesied by an older generation has completed itself. Indeed, these qualities are at the heart of almost all the more impressive new work, traditional or not. Relatively conventional poets like David Galler and Donald Finkel are alert to cultural breakdown, and they have the advantage of being able to display it in a stanza and metric which recall older, sharply contrasting modes of sensibility. By the same token, though, they cannot summon the sense of absolute immediacy and spontaneity that is the great strength of Olson and the others like him. In the Olson group, a renewed emphasis on the feel of specific moments of awareness—as if they were totally detachable from the rest of life—is indispensable to the reordering of sensibility.

Denise Levertov and Paul Blackburn are the most "open" and sensuous writers in this group. Neither is content with sharp physical awareness alone, but both have a freshness that engages you even when what they present seems abstract. Miss Levertov may begin a poem ("The Flight") with a quite sophisticated proposition:

> 'The will is given us that
> we may know the
> delights of surrender.' Blake with
> tense mouth, crouched small (great
> forehead,
> somber eye) amid a crowd's tallness
> in a narrow room.

But that is just the bending of the bow. When the conception here stated in so cramped and paradoxical a way is embodied in an anecdote about a trapped bird, the poem flies as an arrow of insight into an important subjective reality. "The Hands" does the same sort of thing in reverse, beginning almost sensually:

> Don't forget the crablike
> hands, slithering
> among the keys.
> Eyes shut, the downstream
> play of sound lifts away from
> the present, drifts you
> off your feet: too easily let off.

The dreaming movement into ecstasy is then translated into abstract aesthetic dimensions, a pattern of tensions like that set up by actors rehearsing "on a bare stage." In such pieces the immediacy is psychological, inward, yet much involved in the senses. Miss Levertov gives us a world of awakened, contemplative selfhood, in which sympathy with other selves may appear, but completely independent of social expectations. Even the poems which come closest to explicit statement of the toughened intransigence I have mentioned—poems like "The Dogwood" and "Something"—seem to regard the civilization against which they react as a sort of cobweb brushing the face, something alien and strangely cold, yet almost unreal.

Blackburn, too, gives this impression, but more humorously and evasively than Miss Levertov. His poem "The Assistance" riddles out a ridiculous but real big-city predicament almost casually. The subject is trivial and embarrassing, but Blackburn conjures up a personal universe through his treatment of it. You would think, for the moment (as in actual life you might), that this was the whole of things:

The Sage

The cat is eating the roses:
that's the way he is.
Don't stop him, don't stop
the world going round,
that's the way things are.
The third of May
was misty; fourth of May
who knows. Sweep
the rose-meat up, throw the bits
out in the rain.
He never eats
every crumb, says
the hearts are bitter.
That's the way he is, he knows
the world and the weather.

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On the farm it never mattered;
behind the barn, in any grass, against
any convenient tree,
the woodshed in winter, in a corner
if it came to that.

But in a city of eight million, one
stands on the defensive. . . .

Sunken into Existential reality, without pride, definitive, Blackburn's poems seem at times to reduce themselves to an uncritical savoring of consciousness. Whatever is, is; and what you give a damn about is not what it means but what it feels like. The poet's spirit floats and absorbs whatever is there; in "The Term," he speaks of sitting in the Spanish sunlight and

watching
weeds grow out of the drainpipes
or burros and the shadows of burros
come up the street bringing sand
the first one of the line with a
bell
always. . . .

There is another, darker brooding beneath this surface acceptance; but it too is fatalistic rather than critical in its presentation:

Another bell sounds the hours of your
sun
limits
sounding below human voices,
counts the hours of weeks, rain, darkness, all with a bell.

I do not say that what these two poets do is in the key of the future—and yet this is the way that intellectual universes *are* shattered. Not through head-on assault, but through indifference, or the refusal to take the present seriously on its own terms. No bang, no whimper, just a new way of looking at things.

Not all the new voices do their re-creating so unobtrusively. Charles Olson states the major cultural issues as loudly and explicitly as ever Pound or Williams did. Almost any page of *In Cold Hell, In Thicket* or of *The Maximus Poems* will recall the older poets' driving involvement. For instance, except that they state as known principles what Pound has exclaimed over with shocked horror, these lines of Olson's in "The Kingfisher" might well have been written for *Mauberley* or the *Cantos*:

with what cost benevolence is bought
what cost in gesture justice brings
what wrongs domestic rights involve
what stalks
this silence

what pudor pejorocracy affronts
how awe, night-rest and neighborhood
can rot

No debate is here possible—it is all over with. Similarly, when Olson employs the typical Williams metric—sliding, improvisatory, played by ear — he weighs it down. Williams' freshness and exuberance are emotional assertions Olson cannot make. *Something has come to a standstill*; another machinery than the one we are familiar with will be needed to get personality going again.

people
don't change. They only stand more
revealed. I,
likewise.

Olson has theorized in prose more than the others. In *Mayan Letters*, he derives a slogan from his studies of ancient Yucatan: "I keep thinking, it comes to this: culture displacing the state." Pound, whom he much admires, overvalues the history of the state, and the history of the West as well; and so does Williams, though he developed "an emotional system" in his poetry "which is capable of extensions and comprehensions [that Pound's] ego-system . . . is not." The problem is to get back to sources of meaning

Light

White flare of stone in the sun
Day's begun The sea
flickers the light back pleasantly

Last flare of red on white wall
Sun-fall into the sea
Night thickens gradually

Day's done Stars come out
My thought drifts like the sea
No grip between it and my act
I lose my luck too quickly

Cold flare on the sea
Moon has come over the hill
Still no act by which I can
say there's been a man
in the house all day

Star on sea leaves a track
Act is something one does if
one thinks of it And the cliff
falls away up back of me
as the sea flashes up in the night
to touch and darken my sea

PAUL BLACKBURN

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anterior to those of our own state-ridden civilization and so to recover the sense of personality and of place which it has all but throttled.

Olson's verse has less natural ease than does most of the poetry I have mentioned, but he has the power of hammering conviction — something like Lawrence's but with more brutal insistence behind it. It is a dogmatic, irritable, passionate voice, of the sort that the modern world—to its sorrow, very often — is forever seeking out; not a clear voice, but one troubled by its own confusions which it carries into the attack:

> To begin again. Lightning
> is an axe, transfer
> of force subject to object is
> order: destroy!
>
> To destroy
> is to start again. is a factor of
> sun. . . .

Robert Creely, the friend to whom Olson wrote his letters from Yucatan, has cultivated an oddly balked poetry, of minimal, staccato movements and interrupted fluidities:

> What one knows, then, not
> simple, convulsed, and feeling
> (this night)
> petulance of all conditions, not
> wondered, not even
> felt.

His awareness of separateness, of being incommunicado and fearful of his own desire for easy sympathies, makes Creeley's writing so dry as to be almost inhibited. His depressed and prickly little patterns point to withdrawal rather than realization, though there is a kind of honor and courage in producing a body of poems that claims so little for their maker. A new world, Maya reborn, would indeed be needed for the triumphant re-emergence of *this* personality, which seems a perfect expression of the modern failure of communication deplored again and again in our literature. A richer voice and spirit are probably needed to bridge the world of the past and the world to come—a voice and spirit with the luminosity and buoyancy of Robert Duncan at his best—

> Whitman was right. Our names are
> left
>
> like leaves of grass,
> likeness and liking, the human
> greenness
> tough as grass that survives cruelest
> seasons.

Names of the poets! I have not tried to make this essay an exhaustive list of the newer names, or even of the newer schools. Most of these poets will drift along their own currents, in the very nature of things, and the schools are not as firm and distinct as the Fugitives, or the British Marxian poets of the 1930s, or even the Imagists once seemed to be. They have not really found their own positions so decisively, though new magazines like *Measure* and *The Fifties* may help them to do so. (The dearth of places to publish where one can count on being *read* has militated strongly against such self-definition.) I have mentioned two of the other names, outside the "groups," the Kafkaesque but very American and urbane David Galler and the extraordinarily precise and bitter Donald Finkel. A myriad of others come to mind—the elegantly classical yet intimately modern Ellen Kay, the publication of whose *A Local Habitation* is one of the genuine triumphs of Alan Swallow's New Poetry Series; the extremely casual Joel Oppenheimer, whose slight but astringent poems bring him close to Levertov and Blackburn in spirit if not in poetic authority; the witty and lyrically exciting Jay MacPherson, a Canadian poet whose use of traditional forms and dependence on mythical allusion belie her daring frankness and play of mind; Marie Poinsot, whose religious poetry also expresses a passionate personalism; and many more. It may be that the "new" tendencies will be drowned out by younger poets working in older modes and simply adapting them to their own experiences and perspectives. Some of these younger poets show a brilliant promise, and their immediate predecessors—figures such as Lowell and Nemerov—have been able to work significantly within traditional limits. At the moment, however, it is probably the Olson "group," moving directly out of and away from the experimental work of the poets of Pound's generation, that foreshadows the more dynamic directions of the future.

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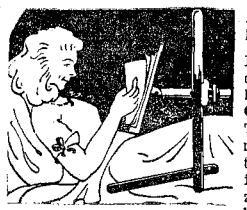

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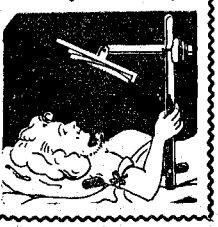

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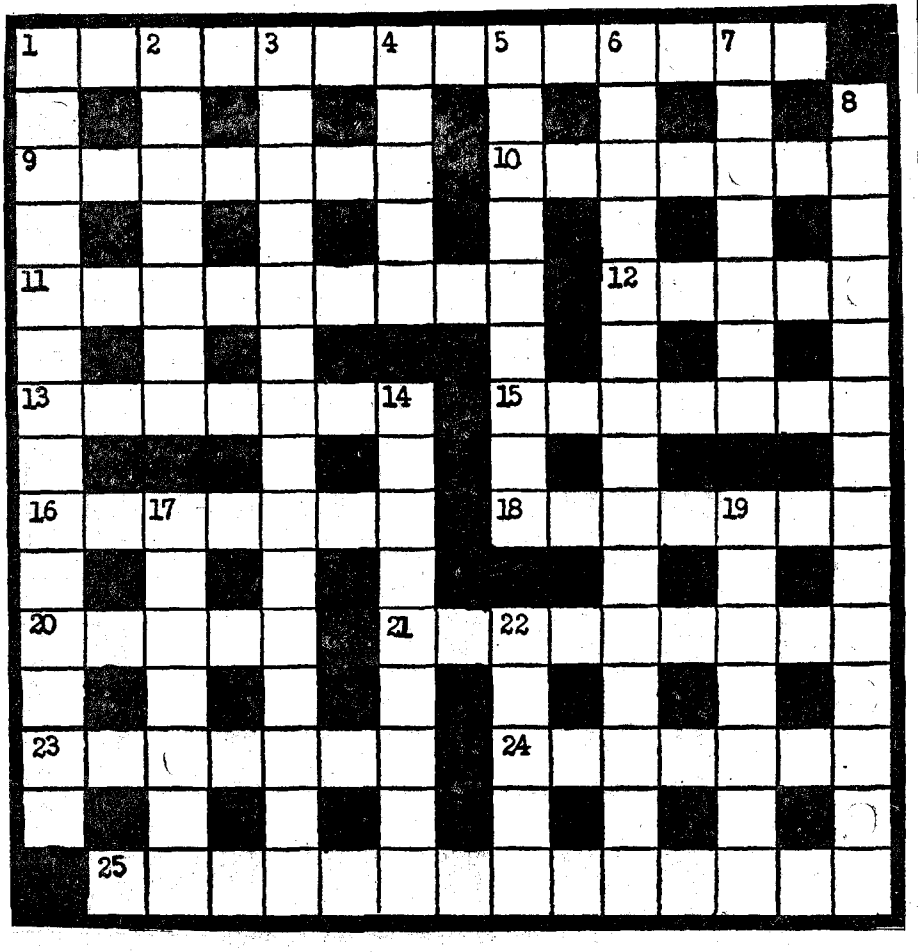
Crossword Puzzle No. 792

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might present a current problem in the use of a metronome. (4,10)
9 Swing an unorthodox way, with a hang-over! (7)
10 Comparatively urbane. (7)
11 American philologist. (9)
12 Uses all the letters up to "L" for a rather low-down boss! (5)
13 Exculpate. (7)
15 Relating to part of a period. (7)
16 Governmental duties sometimes taken up by men in uniform. (7)
18 The check is, in that respect! (7)
20 There's something in sprindrift that's lemur-like. (5)
21 Come across something in the way of a little space tabulator? (9)
3 Retting might have certain strings attached to it. (7)
Something not out of the hull in meals for lodgers. (7)
Was Caesar's made to the Rubicon? (5,9)

DOWN:

t shouldn't do any harm to take an mpty wagon over the hill. (5,9)
lelatively, they are on the mascu- ine side. (7)
3 Clear sign of free star-supporting roles. (7,8)
4 Pried. (5)
5 House the place to do it. (9)
6 You sometimes give one to prospective callers. (9,6)
7 Hasty exit? (7)
8 Not a game in Long Island—they also find it touching in Manhattan. (8,6)
14 Oriental? (9)
17 Somewhat less than a flycatching warbler—more like Betelgeuse. (3,4)
19 Climb on 24, without getting in. (7)
22 Perhaps an indian-head. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 791

ACROSS: 1 No Passing; 9 Grabbed; 10 Modulus; 11 and 23 Targets; 12 Engine; 13 Whoa; 16 Gemini; 18 Oregon; 24 and 15 Second guessing; 25 and 27 down Popguns; 28 Tonsure; 29 Against; 30 Evens; 31 Swordplay. DOWN: 1, 20 and 22 Night-blooming cereus; 2 Prairie; 3 Subversion; 4 Indigent; 5 and 6 across Gaming table; 6 Tide; 7 Bolshoi; 8 Enslaving; 14 Second-hand; 15 Georgette; 17 Eldorado; 19 Entente; 21 Impanel; 26 Patsy.

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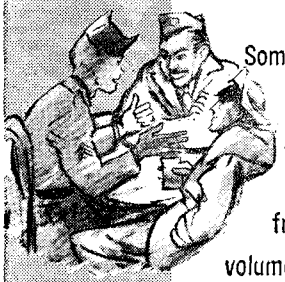

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